THE NATIONAL
Insider
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The Insider Goes Behind The Scenes Of A

NUDE MOVIE

"The Head Mistress"

The World Of BUTTONS!

UNDER hollywood's Skirts

by Rita ROMAINE

Don't believe that rumor about **HUGH O'BRIAN** seducing the winner of his UCLA Drama Scholarship prize, **BARBARA SAMMETH.** While it's true that there are few gals who are off limits to the virile O'Brian, the rumors about him and young Barbara are only rumors. What he did do for her, was to get her a part with busty **STELLA STEVENS** in "The Mad Room." In the meantime, Hugh is concentrating his amorous attentions on about a dozen girls, two of which are **NATALIE WOOD** and 42-23-38 **MONIQUE VAN VOORAN** who's proving that she is a 42 by wearing transparent blouses wherever she goes . .

Elke Sommer

We hear from a very good source that **BRIGITTE BARDOT** sent a note to her old husband—though he's presently very much married to **JANE FONDA—ROGER VADIM,** offering him $50,000 cash (which she knows he needs) and "the thrill of your life" if he flies to Paris for a night of love with her. Vadim refused, though he must have been tempted, because Bardot knows more love tricks than any two women put together. As one former boyfriend of hers said, "She makes a French kiss seem like one of those made out of salt water taffy." Jane Fonda wasn't happy with the whole thing, especially in her very pregnant state where she can't do much to keep Roger happy . . .

Those dates that **ROY THINNES** has been having with **JULIE CHRISTIE** are purely business, take it from us. Roy is still very much in love with **LYNN LORING** and if you would have seen them heavy petting in a parked car up on Lovers Leap off Venture when they thought no one was around last Sunday night, you'd know it for sure, too . . .

CARROLL BAKER is really playing the field since her breakup with hubby **JACK GARFEIN.** The latest is a good-looking French actor who knows a lot more than Carroll does and who we're afraid might get her into trouble. This guy is rumored to seduce girls through very strong aphrodisiacs which makes them do things they're not only sorry for in the morning, but for a lot of mornings. Carroll's life is really sad right now. She risked her whole career on her bust, and it just couldn't cut the mustard. **JAYNE MANSFIELD** did the same, and couldn't make a go of it in pictures, either—and Jayne had a bust ten times the size of Carroll's. But Carroll didn't learn a lesson from her friend, Jayne. Now she's trying to make herself feel better by dating a lot of men but, as we said, she might feel too good with the one she's dating right now . . .

RAQUEL WELCH called us the other day and confirmed our item—that everyone was saying couldn't be true—that she sent in for those "Increase Your Bust Size" ads when she was younger. The truth is 1) That Raquel developed very late, and 2) That though she's stacked she isn't near as big as Ekberg or Loren or any of the real big breasted gals. The difference is that Raquel's bust is completely erect—it goes straight out instead of down and that's what makes it look so large. When she lies on her back, she's no bigger than most average 36-24-36 gals . . .

Kim Novak

Speaking of busts, Mexican film star **QUITA HENNARA** has secretly nursed her child for over three years now so that her measurements will stay big. Stars are getting away from the silicone operations now that medics have proved cancer can come from it—and that revelation has gals like **ELKE SOMMER** rather worried . . .

DIANA RIGG fans will be glad to know that Diana has just landed the part opposite million-dollar star **LEE MARVIN** in "Paint Your Wagon!" And remember you read it here, first. Also remember this prediction: these two will argue and fight and scratch and bite and finally fall in love, putting the final kibosh on Marvin's marriage to beautiful **MICHELLE TRIOLA** (which has been "about to happen" for 18 months) . . .

Well, after making an entire picture with her and not once even holding her hand warmly, **WARREN BEATTY** is now dating **FAYE DUNAWAY** hotly and heavily. He flew in from Paris last week just to spend two hours with her in the airport lounge, and next week she will fly to see him—though the most they can have together is a few hours. Other columnists will tell you it's business—that they're making plans for a sequel to "Bonnie and Clyde"—but don't you believe it. Warren is interested in this cool but beautiful gal who the insiders say has never given her all to a man . . .

NANCY SINATRA and **TOMMY SANDS** may reconcile! As you know, the marriage didn't work out originally because Tommy just wanted to be a single guy again, much as he dug Nancy. Beautiful Nance never quite got over the shock, and then last week she was just as shocked when Tommy (who is recuperating from illness) called her and asked for a date. He said he'd done a lot of thinking while he was sick and knew what he wanted now. Nancy jumped at the chance although afterwards she broke down in tears . . .

New romance in town: **MIA FARROW** and **PETER LAWFORD.** Although Pete was always the quiet member of the "Clan" because he was the "very married" member of it (to **PAT KENNEDY**), he is also the guy who knows how to treat a woman better than **SINATRA** and **DINO MARTIN** put together, doubled and redoubled And as we all know, Mia appreciates the attentions of older men much more than the younger variety. When Frank Sinatra reads this, he's going to be jealous as hell. Frank likes them to carry a torch for him after he drops them. **AVA GARDNER** is still doing it . . .

That romance between **KIM NOVAK** and **SVEND PETERSON** is all over. In fact, it was all over before it started. Just studio publicity—and of course Svend tried his hardest to make it come true. But it takes a lot to excite Kim, who'd rather be alone with her animals and her sculpture than with a man most of the time.

BILL COSBY had some trouble with some naked white girls on the set of his new picture the other day that really had him chewing his nails **TWIGGY**-style. They surrounded him in his dressing room and started trying to pull his clothes off while a fourth member of their crew stood by taking pictures. How they got in Bill never could find out, but he got out of there as quickly as he could—after breaking that camera in a million pieces. He got some studio hands to make the girls, who looked like young teenagers (except for their overdeveloped busts), get out in a hurry.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN took a physical examination the other day after he had been bothered for some time with abdominal pains and learned that he will have to undergo an operation—and soon—or he may lose his life . . .

It's ironic but several of the shows and its stars given TV's Emmy Awards were canceled for the 1968-69 television season. Especially affected was "I Spy" where star **BILL COSBY** received his third straight award, while his partner **ROBERT CULP** sat "burning" by. Cosby departed from the usual "thank you" speech to get in some words on racism, chastising the TV industry for not having more shows like his late one which would show racial harmony. Many a producer in both the New York and Hollywood audiences had their ears ringing . . .

Stella Stevens

And that's it under the skirts of Hollywood for this week!

Can You Spot The Differences?

There are 10 differences between the two drawings. Think you can spot them? Give it a try and then check the answers on page 18.

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Notes From The UNDERGROUND

THE EASY WAY OUT!

By TED DICKENS

Hair combed in obedient curls behind his ears, nails newly scrubbed and trimmed, neck bristling under the collar of a clutching necktie, and smelling of never used cologne, George comes home.

They are waiting for him in Santa Monica, Calif., in Freeport, L.I., Boston, and in Chicago. It is the return of the native, teeny-bopper style, a bi-weekly melodrama played along the split-level by-lanes of suburban America. It happens anytime —right now.

His folks grumble, and inspect behind the ears. They insist he is skinny and green. Their homecoming chatter is a monologue with no room for improvisation.

"The army will straighten him out."

"When I was his age . . ."

"Did the neighbors see your hair like that?"

"George, are you taking dope? Look at me when I . . ."

"Your ears are filthy."

"Don't skimp on food."

The conversation fades like the backbeat in a too-loud discotheque. The house has grown old. It doesn't smell like home. They have pulled the covers back on his bed, in open embrace. But his rooms stands in swept indifference. They stuff a meal in him. They tell him they love him, by the way.

Lady Rain

Finally, they flash a $20 bill in his face. Rent and meal ticket secure, George leaves "home" and is on the other side of town an hour later, squatting in his tribal living room, quite stoned and being someone called Wildflower.

The is a gig — something about a rock band — and somebody owns this stucco cottage high above the cop-on-the-beat, but still close to where the hip stuff is. Everybody chips in, and somehow there is always food and ample mattress space, and the stereo is in absolute tweeter woofered harmony with the universe.

Wildflower was newly christened a month ago by Lady Rain, who carried a security blanket and painted groovy grease paint flowers across everyone's sneakers. That was her thing. She had murmured, "You are tall and green like a stem and you smell so nice when you wake up."

It had been a strange initiation rite: an evening in the living room with its gently beamed ceiling and some very good stuff. Next morning, with the happy tingle still in his fingertips, he climbed over the sleeping heaps on the rug and toured the house.

That afternoon, when he had moved a tattered carton of belongings from his hoardinghouse room and uncovered his books and records for examination, they introduced themselves. Elf, who specialized in art-nouveau frescoes, and Hummingbird, the brawny one with shoulders who was transposing Bob Dylan's lyrics into Haiku form, and Motif, who did the wash and listened to Donovan, smiling.

George found a tiny dayglo blossom on his boots and soon Lady Rain was painting the same thing on his forehead in the softest brush strokes. When he told them about leaving home, that he was broke but never busted, they said yes, that was groovy, that he could unroll his mattress and join the tribe and just do his thing.

Demonstrations Set

On a postcard-perfect afternoon recently, hundreds of human dandelions gathered in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, and turned toward the sun as it slithered west and away.

Plans are being made in cities and college towns all across the country for a string of events that will baffle all those accustomed to the demonstration with a specific goal. In Chicago, they're calling for a Yippie movement. A Bostonian tribe called the Milk of the Mind appealed for donations and participants for a nonstructured event on the Cambridge Commons.

Californians are being confronted by a series of be-ins sponsored by a supermarket chain. And residents of Taos, N. M., are dreading this August, when the Anti-Digit Dialing League of Sherman Oaks, Calif., gathers 20,000 members for a "supreme be-in." Taos has 2163 residents.

We have had hippies before, but never something called the hip community, a ministate with its own uncodified laws, its own corps of social workers who call themselves Diggers, its special Love Cosmology. We have had drugs before, but now we are confronted with an eclectic psychedelic culture, borrowing from the spiritual heritage of a dozen ages and taking root right here in post-puritan America.

We know about teenyboppers, but flower children are something else again. What is happening to our blemished legions may soon make today's concept of adolescence mere nostalgia. There has always been an underground, but never has its message been so enthusiastically received by the young.

Coming Of Age

Already there are shoes that take you on a trip, skirts that make you hip, and everything from slick magazines to headache remedies to turn you on. Even the Wall Street Journal covers the hippies beat, and with good reason. Getting high may be illegal, but it is becoming one of America's most salable commodities.

Hippies fume about a militant communications corps — reporters, promoters, entrepreneurs — who haunt their scene. But our mercantile machinery is making hippies important beyond their numbers or their resources.

They are becoming culture definers for American youth in the late '60's. Coming of age right now amid the neon crackle of Southern California, the formica finesse of suburban New York, and in a hundred tickytack communities in between, a new gestalt is cerating its own zeitgeist.

The flower children. Not the hippies, though the underground spawned them, they may prove the child who is father to the man. Hip but moneyed, defenseless but defended, rebellious but loved, they are lifting the love cosmology from its roots and making it in a split-level alternative.

Flower Girl as pictured by Richard Crona.

You won't find the flower children grubbing in the Haight-Ashbury or on the Lower East Side, Side, or Old Town, except on weekends. The hip bastion is a sacred slum, but flower children live on the parental periphery, way out, but near the bread they don't need. Their roots are intact, though disregarded. They are usually younger, and less hassled than the hippies.

They are after love. Not a valentine limerick, or a pop-song refrain or a proposition. Love means something else in the hippie lexicon.

Love The Thing

Love is our most pronounced word. We learn it early, and we are never allowed to forget. Love is pushed and shoved at us by ritual rote. We are obsessed by its attainment. We call those of us who lack it neurotic and any act which defies it sinful.

The successful be-in may seem to be a playful charade, a super-prank. But stripped of its cryptic style it is electric protest. The non-specific gathering asserts a new kind of opposition; a spontaneous outpouring of feeling. It is free to happen, just like the improvised theater pieces, the new jazz-which-is-rock, the underground "impressionist" cinema.

Often the element of protest is disguised as mischief: putting a dime in the parking meter and sitting in the designated area. From Amsterdam, where youth called provos (provocateurs) are living a new nihilism, hippies on the East Coast are learning the art of mock revolution.

But, even when the superficial aim is mind-messing, a complaint is started, and demands are made. A hippie who showers hecklers at a peace march with daisies is accusing his adversaries. Agitators who pelt politicians with mocking bouquets are in flagrant opposition. And the flower children who surround a policeman to shout "love" are making an agonizing protest on their own.

Implicit in the structure of the hippie tribe is a narrow anarchical scorn. Their solution to a hostile environment has been to attempt a separation of the mass from the enlightened few. In the Love Cosmology, only the turned-on are enlightened and all seers obviously turn-on.

Uptight

Hippies are in opposition but they have a special way of letting you know they're up-tight. They don't revolt. In fact, they wear their ideologies on their sleeves, in brightly colored buttons. The slogans are meant to show the absurdity of moral posturing.

The greatest evil for the hippie is aggression for personal gain, and the truest saint is the gentle man. The holiness of ultra-passivity is present in many faiths (and not exactly lacking in Christianity) but it is in Buddhism that the hippie sees the concept most clearly. His symbols impart a quality of soft, unencroaching communion that hippies call love.

This equation is crucial in understanding what flower children mean when they ex-toil "flower power." Hippies have concluded that the gentle soul cannot survive within the system. Capitalism —the handmate of ego-enhancement — is an economic neurosis and the true sign of enlightenment is to repudiate possession.

Giving, in the Love Cosmology, does not mean charity, but rather sharing in the most communal sense. To attain belonging, hippies scatter belongings. They want to neutralize the self, and find a common essence.

Weird Names

A hippie who is enlightened to this concept of universality says he has expanded his consciousness (thus implying that self-consciousness is narrow, immature or sick). In simply getting high — not to be necessarily equated with discovery — the flower child speaks of "blowing the mind." In pop-slang, he wants to assassinate the self, and in the process, shock the system.

Even nicknames offer an alternative. The old monosyllables seem ordinary and hard edged. The new native. The old monosyllables seem names are mystic, flamboyant, and claim means true masculinity. There is Mouse and Rabbit, Moth and Grape, Buddha and Taj Mahal.

The new style in naming rock groups has a logic of its own. A good name expresses both absurdity and gentleness. Some of the best: The Chocolate Watchband (surreal, smooth, silly), The Iron Butterfly (strength in delicacy), The Peanut Butter Conspiracy (gooey but insurgent), The Grateful Dead (from an Egyptian prayer), The Gentle Soul.

But the most important love symbol is the flower. It is utterly passive, thoroughly beautiful, and absolutely incapable of posing a threat. You can freak freely; flowers don't hurt.

Tolkien's Philosophy

"Just say the word," advises one enthusiast. "I guarantee it'll take hours to come up with a nasty association. What better way to talk about nature, beauty, love or even God? I mean, assuming you don't have hay fever, who has ever been messed up by a flower?"

As they do with so much else in their lifestyle, flower children look for an indirect, cryptic quality from art. Ambiguity is the ultimate aesthetic for the hippie, and its most potent aspect is the myth. Just as kids in the '50s discovered sensitivity in the "Catcher in the Rye," and in the early '60s, pondered the necessity of a social structure in "Lord of the Flies," todays book is J. R. R. Tolkien's monumental chronicle of life in middle earth, "The Lord of the Rings."

Tolkien's mythic and intricate work is especially attractive to hip-

(Continued on Page 4)

Is Warren Beatty Secretly Married?

Warren Beatty

By V. R. CARLTON

You saw him there at the Academy Awards.

Sure, he was nervous about whether he and his picture, Bonnie & Clyde, would win.

But he also had other things on his mind. Like the gal sitting next to him. Beauteous, free-lovin' Julie Christie.

Did he do what he had on his mind? Did he make Julie Christie his in a secret ceremony after the Oscars?

We think he did. We think Warren Beatty was planning to ask her as a surprise after he won.

Oscar or Julie

But when he didn't win, we think Warren wanted to get married all the more. He needed something after seeing his movie nominated for ten different awards and being almost shut out for all of them. We think he needed more than a drink or a night in bed with a woman.

We think Warren Beatty needed the one thing that nothing except an Oscar could give him: the knowledge that he owned the thing he loved most.

Julie.

Not that she cared that much for a ceremony and a marriage license.

Julie Christie has always been a free spirit who loved and lived with men without marrying them. She openly admitted that this was her setup with Don Bessant.

But along came Warren and that was the end of Don.

Now Warren was the last person in the world you'd expect to want to marry. He was a real Hollywood romeo type. Love 'em and leave 'em.

But along came Julie.

Beatty knew this was the girl for him. But he also knew that she was an Oscar winner, an undisputed great actress

He wanted to marry her — but as an equal.

Works On Bonnie

So he went to work on Bonnie & Clyde. It was a helluva lot of work, night and day for months — so much so that there were weeks at a time when Warren wouldn't see Julie and the columnists would buzz with rumors about their breaking up.

But it was only because Warren wanted Julie so much that these periods without her happened. Finally, though, they were over. He was famous. He might win an Academy Award—ten of them.

He could come to her not only as Warren Beatty the great lover, but as Warren Beatty the great actor and producer.

The script didn't work out quite that way.

Julie Christie

Julie For Warren

But to Julie, Warren is a great actor and a great producer. She says that she feels Bonnie & Clyde is as great a movie as any ever made. And she also says that Warren need not marry her to have her.

But Warren wants it in writing, too.

We think he got it in writing —the night of the Academy Awards in a little California town about 20 miles north of Los Angeles.

When they tell the world about it — remember that you read it here first.

An Insider Exclusive

Another Exclusive

HOLLYWOOD'S MARRIED SEXPOTS!

By V. R. CARLTON

Mamie Van Doren pays two highly-paid publicity men to get her name in the papers. And the way you get Mamie's name in the papers is to spread wild stories about her.

In the last year, these are some of the stories that have made print about Mamie:

She participated in an orgy with 17 sailors while she was on an LSD binge;

With Animals

She made a stag film that was stronger than any other stag film ever made because it included animals as well as men;

She got so sexually frustrated one night when no man was available, that she shacked up with two girls who were passing by her house!

And so on.

Naturally, all this is untrue.

Oh, Mamie has had her wild moments — but not in the last year. And even then, they were nothing like the ridiculous items printed above.

But since Mamie has been married, the truth is that she doesn't drink or fool around anymore at all. She stays home, when she isn't working and her baseball playing husband isn't pitching, and just acts like a normal old married woman.

The same is true of Ann-Margret.

Posters Banned

Ann did everything she could to get a wild image when she was single. One of her posters was even banned by the city of Los Angeles, in fact. Rumors flew about wildly concerning Ann. Rumors like that she went up to a college campus and let every guy in one fraternity house make love to her. Rumors like that she went up to San Francisco and participated — really participated — in a hippie love-in for 28 straight hours.

The rumors were false—falser than the hrs which Ann has sometimes worn to give her the image of a sexpot.

And these rumors are still false.

Rumors Circulate

But they still circulate — even though Ann-Margret has been acting like Dame Edith Evans since she got married to Roger Smith.

She doesn't go out to the night clubs anymore.

She never touches liquor.

She never plays around.

She never — does a lot of things she used to

She is really a stay-at-home, and almost anything you read about her stronger than that she spiked her bedtime milk with coca is probably false.

And Ann and Mamie are just two of the many, many former "sexpots" who have changed their spots completely since they got married.

The list is long — and surprising. It even includes Raquel Welch.

Of course, if any of these gals get divorced, you can look for them to be wilder than they ever were — maybe as wild as their rumors. Because there's a lot of passion in females like this, and once it gets a chance it can go really wild.

But until then, it's TV and knitting for Hollywood's old married sexpots!

Mamie Van Doren

Ann-Margret

Notes From The Underground . . .

(Continued From Page 3)

pies because it is a fantasy which takes itself utterly seriously, and because its structure is too solid to ignore. The landscape of middle earth is magical, but credible, and Elvish is a fabricated language with a workable grammar. You can see its curvaceous script on hippie posters; it is not quite as cryptic as the handwriting on the wall. And the hobbits — gentle fury creatures who live, smoke and eat peacefully, are para-hippies.

For the same reasons flower children are onto art nouveau. Unlike the bold, flat, confident pop forms of the early '60s, this new style is delicate, muted and indefinite. You don't just look at psychedelic art nouveau you groove on it, moving slowly from object to object, building a personal structure and relishing the bombardment of unrelated shapes which are fascinating in themselves.

The hippie canvas has no center of interest. It spreads outward, lacking form or direction, and its essence is not the whole, but the subtle interaction of parts. Thus, the content of a poster advertising a rock concert is secondary. The insinuation of the design is what matters.

Underground Press

From this aesthetic of tactility has come a new kind of hip newspaper, similar to the embellished turn-of-the-century press in layout, but more ambiguous. The underground press is blossoming all over the country. The most revolutionary, if not the most literate, weekly is the Oracle, which serves the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. The most lucrative ones, though are the Los Angeles Free Press and the East Village Other in New York City.

At first glance, The Oracle seems to be 20 pages of hideously designed wallpaper. Its pages are lavishly embroidered with marginal illustration that take hours to contemplate, and its landscaped layout explodes with color. Although the Oracle seems unlikely to win a Pulitzer Prize it may well influence the "straight" newspaper of the future.

Hippies have twisted folk-rock into something mysteriously suggestive, something disc jockeys are afraid of. They call it psychedelic music. Sometimes that means a deafening burst of dissonance coupled with a dazzling light show. Sometimes it means a veiled or direct reference to LSD.

Radio censors are never certain what goes over the airways these days. While some songs are blantantly banned because they are thought to prescribe psychedelic drugs, others pass undetected because the complex code they employ goes over the censor's head, wherever that may be. For example, shocked programmers recently yanked a song called "That Acapulco Gold" off the air in many places, when they discovered that Acapulco gold is a kind of very good pot.

The Shocking Story Of Sex Rackets

Personal Ads Prove Lucrative!

By FRANK NATHALIO

Apart from the "strictly personal" ads that allow you to seek, openly, a new bed partner, whether lesbian, homo or "straight," another great deal of revenue is derived, not only by the sex tabloids, but by respectable family newspapers.

For many purveyors of sexual products and services to reach an audience, the cheapest way is to advertise in the classified sections of the national tabloids, the underground press, and in some cases, local newspapers, all over the country. From an advertising agency in New York advertisers can obtain a "package deal" wherein their ad will appear in certain groups of newspapers throughout the country at various prices.

Big Business

This advertising is expensive, varying from 25 cents per word to $3.00 per word. But even at these rates, it must pay off, because the newspapers carry two and three pages of such ads every issue.

The revenue from such advertising and their returns must certainly be considered in any book concerning sex as big business. In one issue of a national weekly, I counted 176 individual classified ads varying in length from the minimum insertion of 16 words to up to 100 words. Most of them had capitalized "headlines" that cost $1.00 plus 10 cents a word extra.

Here is an ad that has appeared week in and week out in several papers I have read regularly

"ALL ROLL & MOVIE FILM PROcessed Confidential and overnight service. $10—developed. Roll film: jumbo sized prints. Free postage."

At those prices, I should damn well think so.

What this ad really means, though, is that if you stage an orgy in your home and do not have a Polaroid camera or darkroom, you can send the undeveloped roll to the address listed in the advertisement. They will develop, drool and print jumbo size and mail them back to you.

Call Girls

Of course, if they are pornographic enough to be sold on the open market, they will make a print or two for themselves and probably "dupe" negatives to boot.

An experienced vice squad officer of the Cook County sheriff's office in Chicago told me that this type of thing is leading to a considerable amount of blackmail cases

Call girls are using hidden cameras to photograph the "Johns" they entertain and then using the pictures as blackmail.

It is obvious those pictures could not be developed at the corner drug store, so they use this type of service. It could, unless curtailed, develop into a tremendously lucrative aspect of sexual business.

Then, of course, there are the homosexual pictures that are extremely hard to obtain in the areas away from the major centers of the country. This is the type of ad that can supply them:

"Johnny Trust Club" for men with unusual interests and talents. Should be well-endowed, although not necessarily. Send $3 for list and listing. Box . . . Gay State.

Homos Wanted

What you receive by joining the club is a selection of muscular young studs in the time-honored poses of the weight lifter. Then you will be solicited to buy "interesting" pictures of male homosexuals going at it with a vengeance.

Another ad searching for a homosexual relationship reads:

"MALE MODEL WANTED FOR nude pix and as traveling companion to businessman. $80/week and all travel expenses Send vital statistics, photo and phone number to . . ."

The key to this one, of course, is the "traveling companion" phrase. This means the advertiser is a queer looking for a homosexual partner.

In a different category are ads printed in newspapers from coast to coast as well as magazines of all kinds impugning man's virility. There is usually a sexual connotation to them. Look at this one:

"SEXUAL FORTIFYING
'NICE ACTION'

"For men and women of all ages. 'NICE ACTION' is pleasant to take and very efficient. 'NICE ACTION' gives you the joy of living. A 15-day treatment will convince you. Order by mail, including a cheque or a Money order of $5 95 or C.O.D. if you accept to pay the charges Important: Register your age on this announcement and return it with your name and address. Confidential expedition. No C.O.D order outside of Canada."

The keys to this ad are "very efficient" and "gives you the joy of living"

Fighting Women

Photos of fighting and wrestling girls also receive a very big play in advertising in the classified pages of some tabloids.

"FIGHTING GIRLS, cartoons, pictures, movies Send $1.00 for list and samples. Hollywood, California . . ."

These are usually pictures of muscular women pulling each other's hair out from top to bottom, biting each other's breasts until they bleed and other sick poses.

A "producer" of these type of pictures told me that there are a lot of people, both male and female, that can't get any kicks at all unless they view such pictures either before or even during the sex act

Then, of course, there is always the "certificate mill." There is one company regularly advertising in the classified pages that they can obtain any certificate necessary that you may find need of, as per the following:

"MARRIAGE, BIRTH, DIVORCE Certificates; University, College, High School Diplomas."

Mail-Order Marriage

What they're trying to tell us is that if you meet up with a difficult female who has marriage in mind after you've taken her to bed a few times all you have to do is whip out the mail-order marriage certificate and show her that you're just another married man whose wife "just doesn't understand me."

Then, of course, it can work in reverse with that good-looking blonde at the next desk or at the lunch counter. She has already found out, or suspects, you're married, and won't give you a tumble. You can take a week's vacation, send for a divorce certificate and whip her into the nearest motel with "It'll be final in a year, baby. I took a week off to get it!"

Actually, this type of thing definitely constitutes fraud. But from what information I could gather they do a huge business, and mailing thousands of such certificates every week at anywhere from $1 to $10 each.

Advertisers compile mailing lists of those who answer their ads. These mailing lists can be sold as high as $1.00 per name if they are comprised of proven buyers of odd-ball material They are never sold for less than 25 cents per name This, alone, is a very lucrative sideline

12 Solicitations

Trying to ascertain how I received so many unsolicited advertisements and brochures through the mail, I uncovered this aspect of sex as big business quite by accident.

For every advertisement I replied to I received on the average six other solicitations.

The reason I am so sure my name was being sold is that I replied to advertisements in various combinations of my name in spelling and first name, such as Frank Nathalio, Frank Nath and the like. One of those combinations brought 12 solicitations — a record. That means that one mailing list was purchased 11 times from one company—the original advertiser and inquired the price of a "recent-purchaser" mailing list.

The reply I received staggered me. They offered to supply me a mailing list of 12,000 names, 25 cents per name.

This, in itself, is big business and has to be considered as part of the dollar market in unveiling the sex rackets.

Young, attractive, educated couple would like to meet similar couples and singles. Must be attractive. Only those with photos answered. Bx 10053, [redacted]

Youn attr. cpl, seeks young and pretty ac/dc girl to become part of 3-some. He: 21, handsome. She: 20, very sexy, pretty model. Much to be gained. Send letter & photo to occupant, POB 5725, [redacted]. Reply soon.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA
Sterile man, 26, desires woman, 18-45 [redacted]

24 year old guy, 5'5", good-looking would like to meet sincere girl for dates and friendship. All inquiries answered. POBox 5131, [redacted]

NEW FRIENDS WANTED
I need to meet more people and make new friends. Girls preferred, of course. Do you enjoy the thrill of sincere appreciation? Write me about yourself. We may have values to share. [redacted] Box 133, [redacted]

Handsome, wellbred businessman fluent in the French arts seeks female or wife for satisfying times. Social meeting first if possible. Discreet. POB38531 [redacted]

VERY DISCREET
Attractive couple new to swinging desires young attractive bi-girl. Married couples okay. Photos and phone please. Pictures will be returned. Write Margie H. 406 S. [redacted]

Distinguished goodlooking broad-minded Cauc executive in process of divorce seeks sharp, attr, intelligent woman 22 to 36 for companionship. May be Cauc or Japanese. Straight or bi. With due respect for those who aren't must be attr. & shapely. Recent photo will be returned. H.H. Box 1522 [redacted]

Looking for chick to share pad with. Must be hip. Write Gary at 917 S. Benito Apt. B [redacted]

Swinging married couple seeks same to 35. Write Pat, POB 2152, Winnetka Sta, [redacted]

Attr blk man 40 seek cauc women who need change. Like music, fun, dare to explore. W/POB 8957, [redacted]

Sharp cauc male 25 desires discreet affair with love loving female. POB 174, [redacted]

LOS ANGELES ADAM
39, 6', 170 lbs, wh, divcd. Good looking, intell, lib-minded. sks sensual attract culture-oriented eve for dates & swinging fun, Bi or sensitive ok. 100% discretion. POB 721, [redacted]

MARRIED COUPLES
Gd looking male 35 Exceptional knowledge of french culture sks married cpls interested in learning advanced methods. AR, POB 7251, [redacted]

NUDE FRIEND
SINCERE MALE 22
WOULD LIKE TO
MEET FEMALE
OBJECT TO JOIN
NUDIST COLONY
BOB, PO BOX 2161
[redacted]

GAY BOYS ONLY!
Voluptuous tall blond, 19, craves affection from butch surfers or servicemen (with groovy bodys). No experience needed! Write me: PO Box 5141, [redacted] 90210. (Gentleman under 25 only)

Attractive bach 42 cauc safe discreet would like to meet attractive curvy plump gal that likes conversation, horseback riding, music and art. Send photo if possible. Box 863, [redacted]

Cauc Male 30, 5'11" 150#, gd lkg, seeks attractive slender 20-30 Span-Amer. girl; serious reply w/photo, will ans w/same. Ed G. 406 S. 2nd, [redacted]

NYC Area sensitive yg m seeks same (25-35) frndshp & ?? Photo, fone to W.W., Apt. 21, 66 W 77, [redacted]

Seeking mature or young woman for am or afternoon quiet affair I am middleaged & discreet. Write Tony, POBox 2153, [redacted]

Straight clean-cut Cauc bachelor swings with couples. All who write will receive my photo & phone. POB 2506,

FOR LADIES ONLY
Discreet businessman in early 40s available daytimes for advice, therapy, mental and/or physical exercise. Photo appreciated. All answered phone please PO Box 75974, [redacted]

If you are not yet extinct—mature man, worldly, with depth and ideals, for friendship only. I'm in late 40's, petite, with a symphony of tastes for livingness. Write POB 35341, [redacted]

Gemini male looking for exceptional, attractive young lady (22-30) who enjoys the better things in life—I have them! Mail photo, sun sign to Tony, POB 455 [redacted]

Yg Cauc yg Negro endowed to do the thing - Fe cpls. Let us hear Dy-BB POB 20321 [redacted]

SEEKS COQUETTE
Liking French clothes and art. Carefree bachelor, college grad. Write freely. Box 3597, [redacted]

BUTCH MALE WANTED
By 6' 165 lb good physique guy 35 for Greek fun good build only must be virile Write to [redacted]

These are typical of the ads that solicit sex in their various forms.

'Make Love To My Husband!'

Josie Gowing, a 22-year-old London housewife, asked a girl friend to "do me a favor and seduce my husband."

This came to light during a hearing in an English Divorce Court.

But there was a reason, according to the judge hearing the case.

Mrs. Gowing wanted to catch them in the act so she could get rid of the husband.

However, the couple only kissed and cuddled. And Mrs. Gowing was so angry that she hit the husband on the chin with a cup and saucer.

The friend, Mrs. Maureen Ephgrave, a former assistant to the husband's shoe shop, did go to his apartment, said the judge.

But after a few kisses and cuddles with 29 year-old David Gowing, she "repented" and left.

The two women met. Mrs. Gowing was told nothing happened.

Mrs. Gowing, who was married to her husband when she was 16, denied making any arrangement with Mrs. Ephgrave.

Gowing, said the judge, made a written confession of adultery with Mrs. Ephgrave. That was false.

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC"
50 22 CAL. PELLETS FREE
Looks and Feels Like Real Pocket Automatic — Loads 15 Shots
Fires 22 cal pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action combat type target practice. 50 re-usable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling to Dept. 363-RA-42
Honor House Prod., Lyndbrook, N.Y. 11563
1.00

ABSENT HEALING
PHYSICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL
extended to any part of the world through the medium of your letters by a "trained" mediator of 25 years standing and with divine understanding of each case individually. Adults and children.
Problems in every aspect of life also invited, unhappiness of known or uknown source, family problems, intimate problems. Nothing too complicated. Letters sealed and confidential. No fees. Postage appreciated, coin or paper currency.
ABSENT HEALING ALSO FOR ANIMALS
Send name of pet
FRED FARTINGTON, F.F.S.
"Letari House" 329 Wigan Road
Leigh Lancashire, England

The Model Screwdriver
Strip down with a lively "Model Screwdriver," the perfect item for men. The eye-catching model is which dress and undress as the turn of the screwdriver are sure to please your sense of humor and the screwdriver's steel glide and sure-grip plastic handle will fill the need for a competent bridge or poker accessory.
$1.00 each
MODEL TOOLS
2713 North Pulaski Road
Chicago, Illinois 60639

I DARE YOU!
Success Positively Guaranteed in Matters of Money, Love, Employment, or Special Desires if my instructions are followed. I dare you to try my "Proven Method" on a money-back guarantee. No need to seek further. Mail $3.00 for a prompt postpaid delivery.
CHARLES J. REDMOND
P.O. Box 8454, N1 100D, L.A. Calif. 90008

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A HISTORY OF PORNOGRAPHY

PORNOGRAPHIC ART!

By MARK THORNE

As readers of this series know, we have, in recent weeks, been delving into all the diverse forms of pornography, from poetry to non-fiction to songs.

There is, however, one major area which we have touched upon only once during the entire course of this series: art.

And yet, when you get down to cases, pornographic art is every bit as prominent in our culture as pornographic literature, and can be found in almost every imaginable place, from the crudities drawn on the subway walls to the masterpieces hanging in the Oriental and Indian sections of our most respected art galleries.

In fact, a handful of English artists such as Beardsley and Hogarth, have made their reputations in the field of erotic art.

Description Limited

This series is naturally limited in its ability to cogently discuss various drawings and paintings, since the law will not allow the Insider to publish them.

However, a few brief descriptions of some of the more famous depictions may serve to introduce the reader into the realm of erotic art, and it is really not that difficult to obtain copies of many of these prints, for the simple reason that the artists have become too famous to have their work surpressed.

George Moreland was one of the better-known English artists, and there now follows the titles and descriptions of a number of his prints for a private edition of Henry Fielding's classic book, "Tom Jones":

"Tom Jones and Molly Seagrim in the Grove." This print is 13 x 9½ inches, and depicts Molly on her back with her skirts drawn up about her waist, with Tom Jones atop her, Thwackum and Square, Tom's villainous teachers, are peeking at them in astonishment from some nearby bushes.

Tom Jones

"Tom Jones & Mrs. Waters at the Inn at Upton after the Bottle (Book IX, Chapter V." This one is 13½x9⅞ inches, and depicts Mrs. Waters (whom the reader still believes to be Tom's mother) reclining in an armchair, nude from the waist down. Tom, wearing only his boots, stands between her legs, copulating with her.

"Lady Bellaston & Tom Jones after their return from the Masquerade (Book 13, Chapter 7." The size is 13¼ by 10½. Tom is lying on his back while Lady B. sits astride his erect organ, her buttocks completely exposed.

Another painting by Morland is taken from Rousseau's Confessions — and yes, he's the same Rousseau who is required reading in most American high schools. The print is 13x10 inches, and depicts Rousseau sitting on a chair, his breeches down, while Mme. de Werens, her skirts pulled up above her buttocks, stands across him. They're in the act of intercourse, and an oval mirror on the wall reflects the look of utter ecstasy on Mme. de Warens' flushed face.

Lesbians Portrayed

One famous print by Morland, which was not drawn to illustrate any particular book, is entitled "Mock Husband." The size is 13¼ x 10 inches, and depicts two girls, both nude from the waist down, lying on the couch. One, with a grotesque dildo fastened about her waist, is acting out the man's part upon the other, while a third girl, fully clothed, stands behind the couch, whipping the exposed buttocks of the girl with the dildo.

A noted and much-sought-after print by artist John Raphael Smith, is entitled "The Female Contest; or, my C_t's larger than thine!" It goes 14 by 10¾ inches, and depicts five nude young women in various postures, all exposing their sexual organs. A sixth woman, who is wearing a skirt but has her breasts exposed, is examining and obviously measuring her five compatriots' feminine treasures.

An untitled mezzo tint by Smith, which I have been unable to track down, has been described by famed pornographic bibliographer Pisanus Fraxi, as follows:

Masturbation Shown

"A naked woman, seated on a chair with a canopy, holds her left breast in her right hand, while with her left hand she points to a man, fully dressed, who, seated on a chair close by, is masturbating himself with his left hand underneath the woman's left leg, which is extended across his knees; with his right hand he touches her private parts. A window, to the left of the design, affords a view into a garden with cyprus trees."

Complicated, isn't it!

Another Smith print is described thus by Fraxi: "A sitting room. A young girl is leaning out a window, her elbows resting on the sill, and her clothes turned up, leaving her backside entirely bare, while a young man in tightly-fitting pantaloons and Hessian boots, with his flap open, is having connection with her from behind. A curtain falls on the girl's back, and on the wall, to the right, hangs a picture representing Lada and the Swan. The young man is said to be George IV, when Prince of Wales."

The one other time this series dealt with art, we studied the drawings of Rowlandson's etchings. His heroine, Cloe, was drawn in the most compromising positions, after which a little poem would be written to serve as a caption, as in the following instance:

"Upon the carpet Cloe laid,
Her heels toss'd higher than her head,
No more her clothes her beauties hide,
But all is seen in native pride.
While Strephon, kneeling, smiles to see
A thing so fit for love and he.
His amorous sword of pleasure draws,
Blest instrument in nature's cause.
The panting fair one waits its touch
And thinks it not a bit too much."

And, believe me, the caption suits the picture!

Instrument Tuned

Another of Rowlandson's etchings is described by the ever-present Fraxi thus:

"'A Music Master Toning His Instrument'. An interior. A young man is reclining on his back upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, with two thick books supporting his head. One girl, naked with the exception of her shift, which is rolled up around her waist, straddles across him; they are in the act; whilst another girl, standing at the end of the harpsichord, is tickling the man's testicles with her right hand, and performing a kindly office for herself with her left. The drawing is good, and the attitudes quite possible; the posteriors of the girl who is mounted on the man are very attractive."

Many publishers, especially Grove Press, are now publishing collections of erotic art, either openly or under the guise of being classical educational material.

If the previous descriptions have stirred your interest, I would suggest you go out and buy one of these collections.

You may be shocked to discover that they are really good art, and only incidentally erotic!

They Meet In Mother's Hall

The love-life of London postman Gerald Winter and his wife, Eva, was fraught with difficulty.

They had no home. He lived with his parents, she lived with hers.

And the manner in which they had to make love made the wife feel like a prostitute, said a Divorce Court judge.

Intercourse took place when the husband called on his wife on his way to start a night shift.

Other times they had to wait until Mrs. Winter's mother went out.

"Their passionate acts could take place in the kitchen, or hall, or even in the bedroom, while trying not to wake the children," said the judge.

One can quite understand that a woman's sensibilities are likely to be wounded by intercourse in these sorts of circumstances, he added.

The couple found themselves apart after the husband had come to London from Swindon to find a better job and a new home.

The wife tired of waiting and returned to her mother's home.

Mrs. Winter sought a divorce alleging desertion. But the judge held her husband had been genuinely looking for a house.

When, eventually, he did find a place for her and their two children she declined to go.

The judge rejected the wife's case and granted a decree to Winter because of her desertion.

He exercised discretion in respect of Winter's admitted adultery.

Allen Glasser's Limerick Contest

Your Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

As a new reader feature, The National Insider is presenting an incomplete limerick to be finished by our readers. A new limerick will appear each week.

Your last line must rhyme with the first two lines and match their rhythm or "beat." For example, here's a typical way to finish a sample contest limerick:

Fellows like to see movies reviewed,
Showing beautiful girls in the nude.
It's a treat, let's confess,
To watch 'em undress
And no one objects but a prude!

We're sure you can do much better than that—so let's have your own last lines for this limerick, which appears on the coupon below. You may enter as many times as you wish; but each line must be on a separate contest coupon from the National Insider.

An old maid bought a parrot named Lew,
And was shocked by the language he knew.
So she asked the smart bird
Where such words he had heard. . . .

Mail to LIMERICK CONTEST, THE NATIONAL INSIDER, 2713 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

1st Prize $10.00
2nd Prize $5.00
3rd and 4th Place Winners 20 Weeks of The National Insider FREE!

PARENTS: YOU MUST READ THIS BOOK
Daily violence, sex and dope orgies among 15-year-olds, prostitution, knives, chains, foul words and deeds, etc. Plus stag movie get-togethers between cipal) were all part of the teachers (including the prin- atmosphere in the school.

white teacher in a black school
robert kendall

Ask for this paperback at your newsstand. If not available send $1.00 which includes handling. (No C.O.D.'s)

PUBLISHERS PROMOTION AGENCY
2717 N Pulaski Road
Chicago, Illinois 60639

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip Code _____
(Please print plainly) WTBS

BLACK MASS-TODAY!

By ARLANDO FEO

For many years Angelo Cafici, 52, had been the popular but slightly feared barber of the Sardinian mountain village of Nuralao, in the western backlands of Sicily.

Then, some five years ago, his position began to change imperceptibly.

Local people, bound to frequent his little shop off the cobbled main street high up on the mountain, still liked the talkative barber, but the fear grew stronger as his agile scissors snipped away their hair or his sharp blade shaved their chins.

For Angelo Cafici, confident and barber, was also an adept of Black Magic, believed to be something of an alchemist in the dark backroom of his house where Bunsen burners boiled up strange liquids in cheap test-tubes and skulls and bones lay around in the oddest places.

Disciple Of Satan

Outwardly, Angelo Cafici was a mild, modest little man incapable of hurting a fly.

Only his wife knew how different he really was.

And it was that difference that led her to murder him with amazing ferocity!

The belief that he was a barber in appearance only but that in reality he was a disciple of Satan dominated more and more Angelo's sick mind.

Soon he was mumbling blessings and curses as he shaved and trimmed.

Soon also superstitious villagers would come to him for love potions and other mysterious concoctions with which they could revenge themselves upon enemies, ward off the evil eye.

As his power grew upon the people Angelo believed he had been called by the Black Prince in person to become his local high priest.

To the small circle of fearful adepts he had obtained in the village, Angelo would say:

"I am the word of Darkness and of a new faith. Only we can change the fate of the world, as we can change life for the better for us all!

"Follow me and the magical powers I wield, for they shall protect you against the phony white evil of the priests and the even phonier arguments of the political powers that exploit us all!"

All The Way

So far the villagers could still go along with the new High Priest.

And so could also the local police, who wanted no trouble and certainly wished to avoid making a martyr out of a crackpot. Until Angelo went all the way.

His favorite disciple was his wife. And Angela Pitrella, 45, graceless, pudgy and unkempt, was also his favorite slave always ready to be goaded into the most abject sexual and physical tasks.

It became Angelo's favorite private fun to wake up his wife at midnight, and order her naked into the little backroom laboratory where, on a primitive altar, he would practice Black Mass.

Around her ludicrous and shapeless form draped over the stone slab foul stenches from Angelo's little bottles filled the air. Candles threw a flickering, sinister light upon the scene where the elderly barber in black robes murmured and stuttered his incantations.

"It was driving me out of my mind," his wife confessed to police after she had been arrested.

In a mock re-enactment of the Black Masses after Angela Pitrella's arrest she pretended to lie in Black State on the altar whilst adepts wept and implored the devil.

Devil spirits in traditional clothing was one of the roles enacted by barber Angelo who, as village witch doctor, enjoyed fooling around in the traditional headgear.

"I felt that unless I could drive the accursed devil out of my husband's body I would die myself on that altar once something else got into his mind!

"I could feel the dark, slimy influence of something indescribable getting hold of Angelo each time I lay there. His eyes were fixed as in a hypnotic trance and sometimes he held a knife over me which made me cringe in terror!"

The End

One night Angela's own mind cracked under the stress. When her husband again woke her up and forced her downstairs she had already made up her mind.

He lit seven candles, covered her with a black cloth and pulled out his "black" missal to pray to Beelzebub and invoke the spirits of the dead, ordering them to beat the offering upon the altar. As he turned aside to pick up the old stone knife he used, his wife grabbed an axe at the back of the altar and brought the weapon down on her husband's head.

"She battered him into a heap of blood and gore beyond recognition, as if all the pent-up fury and exasperation were suddenly released," the police report read.

After having killed her witch-doctor husband, the widow ran to the police station to give herself up.

Sobbing with relief, she told them what she had done.

"My days of suffering are over at last," she said. "I am a free agent again!"

Witch doctor-barber, Angelo Cafici was a mild, gentle little man slowly drving his wife out of her mind.

Wrong Man Gets Drugs

Prison doctors got father-of-five Albert Kaster mixed up with another prisoner — a homosexual.

And they set about "curing" Albert with a new drug to remove his sex urge.

The tablets should have been given to a man who had been sent to the jail, in Germany, for indecency offenses.

Instead Albert had to start taking them.

Albert, a 43-year-old haulage contractor, was given the drug for five days last year while he was serving a thirty-month sentence for stealing.

In Stuttgart yesterday, he had the first of a series of tests to find out whether the drug had harmed him. Officials said its effects could not be forecast.

Government leaders have already ordered disciplinary action against the doctors who gave Albert the tablets.

IS MICHAEL CAINE GOING HIPPIE?

By V. R. CARLTON

It was a wild scene.

Pot-smokers in one corner,

A nude couple — no, wait a minute make that a threesome (two girls and a man) — under a table at another end of the room.

More couples—some both women—dancing in the center of the room. Some dancing naked. A bearded fellow playing a sitar in back of them. A hot political discussion at one of the tables in the darkly lit place.

And more. Much more.

Some hippie den?

Uh-uh.

Michael Caine's place. And right in the middle of that hot political discussion was none other than Number One and a Half (tied with Richard Burton) British movie star, big Mike Caine.

Flower Child

The particular "party" we're talking about took place in London about two months ago.

But it could have happened in Hollywood a month back, or at a number of other places on a number of other occasions.

Because, from all the evidence we can gather, Michael Caine is going hippie!

Now it's one thing when some of the lesser-known starlets of Hollywood—or their boyfriends—start wearing the beards and the flowers and so on.

But it's another thing when one of the richest actors in the world—and a staid, British rich actor, at that—goes the hippie route.

Oh sure, a lot of big name stars wear beards or grow a beard once in awhile, but it's all a put on. They never take those beads or that beard any closer to hippie territory than The Factory in Hollywood or the Copa in New York.

But Mike Caine is something else.

He's not only gone to them, but now he has the hippies coming to him.

String Of Lovers

It all started when Mike last visited Hollywood.

He was tired of the same old beautiful broads who would give their right you-know-what to get a date with him and maybe get him to make love to them if he was in the mood.

For since he became famous, Mike has had more girls then even Warren Beatty. And, as the old cliche goes, they'd all begun to look alike to him.

He wanted something new

A friend told him to take a flight up to San Francisco with him and join the hippies for a weekend.

Mike did just that—and that trip may have changed his life.

For, Mike found—according to what he's told close friends of his—real people.

And, in particular, real women.

What makes the hippie women so different? Other Hollywood insiders who have visited the Haight-Asbury district in San Francisco or Greenwich Village in New York or Stubbs Square in London for one night of fun, say that the hippie women have several things.

First, they are honest and uninhibited in sex. They'll do anything you want them to—and usually they think of it first.

Second, they have a kind of natural way of looking at things which makes the total relationship with them more exciting than with the big Hollywood sexpot stars who are all body and nothing inside once you get them off the screen.

But most of all, they have one very important thing—a thing which can mean the world to a big star like Michael Caine.

They don't give a damn that he's Michael Caine.

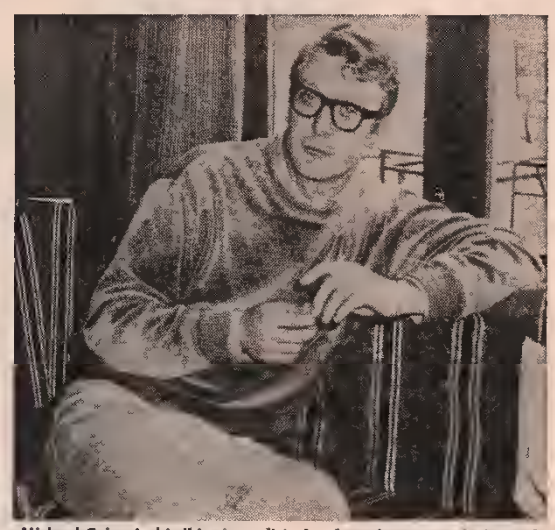
The hippies have given up the world—they don't care one bit for the Establishment. And as a result, a famous man couldn't impress them less.

Couldn't Care Less

To a man who gets women throwing themselves at his feet wherever he goes, who has autograph hounds hounding him almost 24 hours a day, who has to sail off on a yacht into the middle of the Atlantic ocean to get any privacy (and even while doing that, Caine was once accosted by three star-seeking nymphos in a helicopter)—getting "lost" amidst the hippies can be a great experience.

Most of them haven't seen Mike's movies, and those who have couldn't care less

They take him for what he is—a big, handsome, serious man in his thirties who is sick and tired of all the false glamour and glamorous falseness of the movie world.



Michael Caine in his 'hippie pad' in London after a certain 'party.'

Not that Mike doesn't like the money he makes from the movies. He loves it. But it's only a means to an end.

That end is really enjoying himself. And a few months ago—after a few years of incomparably quick fame—he began to find out that he couldn't find it with people who really believed they were like the parts they played.

He looked far and wide for a group of friends—and a woman friend, in particular — who could give him what he wanted.

Nancy Sinatra couldn't.

Raquel Welch couldn't.

Diahann Carroll couldn't.

A hippie gal whose last name he doesn't even know has been able to.

Will A Segregationist Be President?

By WAYNE SYLVESTER

Strange things have happened during the past three months on the political scene—but stranger things are yet to happen.

Would you believe—a segregationist President?

No, not in 1968. But it might happen in 1969.

How can this come to pass?

Very logically—because this is no pipe dream, but a very real—and frightening—possibility.

Let's look at the facts

Eugene MacCarthy is a noble fellow, waging a Quixotic battle against Bobby Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey. He has captured the minds and hearts of millions of Americans—but the simple fact is that he has not ,and will not, capture anywhere near enough votes to win the nomination he seeks.

Which means, in other words, that the Democratic standard-bearer will be either Bobby or HHH It is still too early to say with certainty which one will ultimately emerge victorious. However, certain salient facts have become apparent Among them are:

1) The enormous groundswell of popular approval Bobby Kennedy expected after LBJ withdrew from the race has failed to materialize;

2) Organized labor, business, and most Democratic powers that be have publicly announced their support of Humphrey.

3) Bobby has the indefinable "Kennedy magic" to some degree, but he already has more enemies, political and otherwise than his martyred brother could have attained in ten lifetimes.

4) Though he remains completely noncommittal at present, most insiders predict that MacCarthy will throw his votes to Hubert rather than Bobby when the time comes

5) With LBJ out of the picture and Viet Nam no longer the major issue it used to be a month or two back, Bobby Kennedy has lost his two favorite targets.

6) While the riots following Dr. Martin Luther King's death—and those which will undoubtedly come this summer—have solidified Bobby as the choice of the Negro militants, their elders still prefer HHH, who has been battling for civil rights since Bobby was in kneepants.

7) If there is to be a white backlash—and, considering the magnitude of the riots this seems likelier now than in 1964—it will be directed against Bobby Kennedy, simply because he IS the man the Negro militants support.

8) There is no denying one simple fact Bobby Kennedy, no matter how much he protests, cannot honestly deny the fact that, at least as far as the party machinery is concerned, he is the Democratic Party's most devisive element. Humphrey, on the other hand, is the most likely of the three candidates to reunite the party.

What does this mean?

In simple terms, it means that Hubert Humphrey must be given no worse than an even chance to become the Democratic nominee, and probably has more votes secured at this moment than Kennedy does.

And THAT means that Hubert Horatio Humphrey may well become the next President of the United States, since all three Democratic contenders recently came out ahead of Dick Nixon in a nationwide Gallup Poll.

Am I saying, then, that Hubert Humphrey is a segregationist?

Far from it.

In fact, if he should become President, one hell of a lot of Americans are going to be in for a surprise—because Humphrey is as liberal as he ever was

The only thing that's changed is his style. He no longer screams violently for what he believes is right: he has learned to manipulate his power quietly and efficiently. He no longer is intolerant of segregationists; he now takes the time and effort to bring them around to his way of thinking. In short, he has matured in his manners — but those ideals are the same.

He has also matured in his politics. He has been photographed with Lester Maddox, giving him a friendly hug He has spoken at rallies in Mississippi. (True, he has insisted that Mississippi send an integrated delegation to the Convention—but the HHH of 1952 or even 1960 wouldn't have bothered campaigning South of the Mason-Dixon Line)

Hubert Humphrey today realizes the importance of party and national unity. The current talk is that he will probably offer the Vice Presidency to Kennedy if he wins, and after Kennedy refuses as anticipated he'll pick a Southern running mate.

Why?

First and foremost, to repay a political debt. The Solid South, which wouldn't have given Hubert the time of day five years ago, is going to be giving him 600 or more delegates in August.

He'l also need a show of unity. For a change, all the pretenders to the throne are liberals; hence, each of them will probably have to choose a conservative Vice President, both to nullify Nixon and to try to win back the South, or at least a part of it, in November.

Kennedy or MacCarthy will probably choose their Conservative running mate from the North or West, but Hubert already has support in those area; he'll choose a Southerner to solidify the somewhat surprising support he now has in that area.

And if he should become President, the South and every other area will discover that Hubert Humphrey will be as firmly behind the Negro cause as he was when he forced Dixiecrats to walk out of the 1948 Convention.

He'll spend an enormous amount of money to fight the sickness that infests the cities, he'll push social and pro-Negro legislation like no other President in history has ever pushed it, and he'll slap down bigotry with every power at his Presidential command.

And he'll have a conservative Vice President from the South.

Does that suggest something to you?

If it doesn't, talk to Jackie Kennedy, or Mrs. Martin Luther King.

They could tell you a couple of long stories about what happens when people get riled up in the South.

Wife Shares Home With Other Woman

James Skinner in London confessed to his childless wife that another woman was expecting his baby. And then, a judge said the wife agreed to "an extraordinary proposal."

She allowed the other woman, Mrs. Hettie Manvell, and the baby to move into their house . . . in the hope of being able to adopt the child.

But Mrs. Margaret Skinner insisted that she and Mrs. Manvell had the only bedroom in the house—while Skinner slept in the sitting-room.

Together

Mrs. Skinner also forgave her husband's unfaithfulness on the understanding that husband and wife would never have intercourse again.

"And," the judge said "they never did."

They lived together for three years, the judge said in the Divoce Court.

When Mrs Skinner was out, her husband committed adultery with Mrs. Manvell.

Eventually—in 1950—Mrs. Skinner told Mrs. Manvell to go. Skinner, 61, left too.

The judge granted a decree to Mrs. Skinner, 63, on the ground of adultery.

He exercised discretion over her own adultery, "conducive conduct" and delay in seeking a divorce.

Lapel Button Communication!

By FRANK NATHALIO

The whole world knows that communications in the U.S. are highly standardized.

Newspapers are basically the same no matter what city they are published in and our radio and TV programs are similar all over the country.

Even business letters are so standardized with hackneyed phrases that it seems hardly possible that different people wrote them.

Now Americans have standardized even informal communications such as social comment. I am referring to the ubiquitous lapel button. At one time limited only to election campaigns (I LIKE IKE, NIX ON NIXON) they are now the required accessory for the well dressed college demonstrator and optional accessory for other college students who want to be "involved" and "committed" to some cause.

Lapel buttons permit silent advocacy of ideas, opinions and even nonsense.

Big Money Operation

The emergence of the lapel button on the nation's campuses has turned a part-time, seasonal operation into a year-round business for scores of button manufacturers in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

The fad has now spread beyond the campus and business firms are using buttons in advertising and sales promotion.

One large auto rental firm has made the WE TRY HARDER button a keystone in its advertising campaign and the slogan is being copied by other firms.

An importer of typewriters is offering high school students a button reading: I'M JUST YOUR TYPE. General Electric has joined the fun and distributes buttons to high schoolers reading: I AM A GENIUS, with the GE in genius in large type.

A bottler of synthetic "low calorie" soft drinks is offering overweight girls (who use the stuff in the usual vain attempt to lose weight) a button reading: I AM A LOSER.

Campus Winner

But it's on the college campuses that the button has really caught on to the great pleasure — and profit—of the button makers who are working their creative departments and plants overtime and coming up with new slogans in quantities to meet the demand.

Some sociologists explain the button fad as another "in" thing to be doing together because of the desire for conformity.

Others feel that the use of buttons is evidence of the student's need for dialog — another "in" thing right now—and that since no one wants to listen to them (the listeners have problems of their own) they parade their thoughts on their lapels.

Biggest sellers on the campus are "dissent" buttons and those commenting on social and political conditions. GET OUT OF VIET NAM is popular on most campuses. Also popular everywhere are STOP STUDENT DRAFT, LOVE THY NEIGHBOR and MAKE LOVE — NOT WAR.

Sexual Connotations

It is possible to carry on a dialog right on the buttons. At Harvard, for example, some students began to wear a GOD IS DEAD button.

This immediately brought a rejoinder from others who pinned on buttons reading: GOD IS ALIVE—IN THE WHITE HOUSE and GOD ISN'T DEAD—HE JUST DOESN'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED!

Members of the Sexual Freedom Forum at the University of California in Berkeley wear two buttons: TAKE IT OFF and I'M WILLING IF YOU ARE.

This second button helps educational efficiency because when a male student asks a co-ed, "Shall we go up to my room and compare Von Neumann's mathematical theory of games with the mathematical abstractions of Gödel?" She has only to flash her I'M WILLING button and no time is wasted in calculations to arrive at the basic equation.

The most popular button at Berkeley, however, is DRAFT BEER —NOT STUDENTS.

At the City University of New York the most popular button is DISARM THE ARMIES AND POLICE—ARM THE POOR. This is the official button of the Anarchist League which has branches at many metropolitan colleges.

Aid Battle Of Pills

At the University of Texas, the Texas Student League for Responsible Sexual Freedom is distributing buttons reading: CONTRACEPTIVES NOW! The league is fighting for free birth control pills for co-eds.

To practice "responsible sexual freedom" each co-ed must now spend $3 to $4 a month on the pills. Having spent that amount of money, most co-eds try to get their money's worth by making the pills prove their efficacy several times a month.

Other examples of students' concern with responsibility and the future are evidenced in these buttons:

BE CREATIVE — INVENT A SEXUAL PERVERSION

SAVE WATER — SHOWER WITH A FRIEND

LEGALIZE BROWN RICE

SUPPORT A HAIRCUT FOR BOBBY KENNEDY

STAMP OUT PAY TOILETS

Buttons are "in" for non-college demonstrations, too. During the Hollywood teenage riots last November and December, the long-haired and bearded males wore buttons with: WHO'S PERFECT? LET'S LEGALIZE POT and ABOLISH THE POLICE. The mini-skirted, dirty faced females had buttons pinned on their dirty clothes—dirty clothes are a status symbol —reading: WOULD YOU BELIEVE — I'M 21? SORRY ABOUT THAT and SEX HAS NO CALORIES.

At a Washington, D.C. "be-in" (a kind of psychedelic picnic that has no other reason for being) held in April, 1967, the buttons read: MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE, REALITY IS A CRUTCH, and KEEP COOL WITH COOLIDGE. This last button is now being sold by a mail-order house for 70 cents. Understandably, there were no I LIKE IKE and ALL THE WAY WITH LBJ buttons.

The button craze has spread overseas to Vietnam and reporters say that they saw buttons worn by pilots and crews of U.S. jets that are sent out to defoliate the jungle (and expose Viet Cong hiding places) which read: ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FORESTS! This, some critics would say, communicates quite a lot about our existing social and political situation!

Nude Movie Review

Off camera mugging.

The headmistress makes the girls feel wanted.

She awaits further instruction.

The truth was too much!

Student protests are rarely found at this school.

'The HeadMistress'

By JOHN RYAN

The power of love replaced the force of armies! For centuries Rome ruled the known world with its majestic and powerful armies. But the Empire disappeared and only a country called Italy remained.

Yet Italy became the land of love, and of lovers which makes the crumbling ruins of the Caesars seem insignificant.

One of the greatest writers the world has produced came from Italy and his stories have titillated and amused audiences since he first penned them in the 14th century.

Genius

Giovanni Boccacio was his name and he had a magic to his pen that has made him famous through many countries and many translations with his genius at combining the literary with the bawdy and the beautiful.

His stories were contemporary —and they still are—in the way they take the common denominators of human pleasure and pain told in the most appealing of styles—simplicity.

His most famous work, The Decameron, was begun in 1349 and is a collection of stories, of which "The Headmistress" is the most outstanding in the way it combines the wisdom of the ages with the eternal passion and earthiness of man.

It is possible that when the motion picture version of "The Headmistress" is released not only will Giovanni turn over in his grave, but he might even leap up from it crying out his happiness at the beautiful and realistic way in which his wonderfully imaginative story has been produced!

Camerarts Publisher

Healthy and virile young men as well as happy and voluptuous young women were found to act in this color picture which gives today's moviegoer a chance to appreciate the art of the famous Florentine storyteller.

Luckily, many still photographs were taken which showed some of the superb scenes from the film as well as many of the off camera activities which went on between takes

These pictures have been gathered exclusively under one cover and published by Camerarts Publishing Company, Inc. So not only can the movie be enjoyed but the person who appreciates passion and beauty can slowly and carefully go over the details of this great and entertaining story.

A lusty and virile young man manages to get himself disguised as a mute gardener in a school attended only by young women!

The school is run by a beautiful young lesbian who teaches lessons of love to her students as well as the usual subjects. She also wants the tender, nubile bodies of the girls as much as the young man does.

The young man in time is discovered by the girls when he is swimming one day in the nude without realizing that anyone is observing.

"Lured" To Sex

The girls take turns "teasing" him. Actually while they tell each other that this is what they are doing, the fact is that each of them seduces him with intensity and passion, very little of which is missed by the camera.

Philomena lures Mario into the bushes by doing a slow and excruciatingly tempting striptease and then gladly throws herself into his arms

Sophie, another of the students, takes her turn and surprises him in the hayloft where she demonstrates to this passionate young man that she is clad only in a blanket.

They make love intensely!

Afterwards as they are lying peacefully in each other's arms they hear sounds below

They observe the headmistress passionately caressing, kissing and seducing another of the girl beauties that attend the school! They hide quietly motionless for a long time while they listen to the slapping sounds of naked skin against naked skin and kissing noises below them.

Philomena discovers soon that she is pregnant and this idea proves too much for her to face and there is a brilliant scene in the film where she hangs herself.

She uses her external clothing for the rope and she is clad only in kloomers as she performs the final act.

Rejection

Lettia, a grown young girl with a child's mind discovers the body and she is fascinated.

Her initial horror is replaced by curiosity! She reaches out and caresses Philomena's cold breasts and she embraces the nude body!

She suddenly realizes what she is doing and she runs screaming from the room.

Philomena is buried several days later!

The headmistress and some of the girls attend the brief ceremonies. Luigi, Philomena's lost boyfriend from town had been very fond of the dead girl. His heart is heavy and he cannot understand why this bright beautiful girl killed herself. He vows that he will uncover the reasons for her death.

Gradually life resumes its normal routine at the school and the passions of people arise again

One day Mario hears running water from the first floor bathroom. He peeks through the window and observes Emilia standing glowingly naked.

She suddenly runs to the water filled tub and jumps in!

He can see the outlines of her lush body and grows more and more fascinated as he watches her gambol in the water.

As he watches her smooth, white shoulders and richly round breasts, she turns her eyes toward him and smiles an undeniable invitation

Love In The Tub

He climbs through the window and quickly divests himself of his clothing as he views her body with anticipation, noticing appreciatively the long curves of her flesh and the healthy redness of passion-desiring nipples.

They embrace when she stands up dripping with water and in their pleasure sink down into the huge tub

Mario has foolishly left the window open, however, and their lovemaking is observed by the headmistress. She determines to take care of him.

Later, she summons Emilia to her room where she gives the girl a sociable drink—that is drugged. After inducing a mild paralysis in the girl, the headmistress ties her up and beats her with a whip once the girl's full body has been stripped naked

She is whipped until the girl finally gives in to the headmistress' demands that the girl swear that she belongs to the headmistress.

At this point the headmistress becomes tender and loving and helps the girl to the bed where they both make love.

It Didn't Last

The headmistress later remembers how she came to reject the love of men. The story of how she had fully loved a young lad and how their love had been hated by two boarders so much that they had ruthlessly murdered her lover is shown with reality and violence.

She goes virtually mad after the two men discover the two making love and in the ensuing struggle decapitates the young man.

She faints!

They bury his body in one place and his head in another.

She digs up the head and puts it in a cask which she places by her bed

A few days later a strange plant starts growing from it!

The two killers, not satisfied yet, know what she has done and they steal the cask and take it to the woods where they have buried the body

The headmistress follows but before the men reach their destination the plant suddenly grows with fantastic speed and strangles the two killers.

The headmistress has been unable to have men since—strangely enough!

Meanwhile, Luigi shows up on the scene and accuses the gardener, Mario of having gotten Philomena pregnant. The two young men fight but Mario wins.

He points out to Luigi that he didn't even know she had been pregnant and that Luigi himself must have known something about it to make the accusation. Luigi finally admits that he had rejected Philomena when she had told him of her condition.

A Sex Lesson

Mario walks away in disgust.

While he is cleaning up in his room, Mario is confronted by the headmistress who proceeds to use her whip on him.

But Mario manages to get it away from her although in the struggles the luscious body of the headmistress is revealed as her clothing is ripped off

They fall on the bed in their struggle and Mario masters the headmistress and gives her the lesson of love that she has really wanted and needed

And this is only the beginning for Mario and the headmistress. He begins helping her with the administration of the school and supervising the students. By the end of the year, he is her trusted assistant.

"Well, Mario," the headmistress says as the school year comes to a close, "another term is over and the girls will be leaving this day."

"And my work is finished for a time," Mario points out. "Did I serve your garden well, my love?"

"See for yourself!" she cried happily, pointing up to the doorway where the girls are beginning to come through on their way home. One by one, as they come through the doorway, their bulbous bellies betray their pregnancy—every last one of them.

(Continued on Page 15)

"The Headmistress," a world-famous tale of amorous adventure from the Decameron by Giovanni Boccaccio and "The Lustful Turk" are available in special editions with many pages in full color. Close ups and details of the films including many behind the scenes photos.

GET YOUR COPY NOW!

Ask for "The Headmistress" or "The Lustful Turk" at your newsstand. If not available send $1.00 for a copy of each magazine. This includes handling. (No C.O.D.'s)

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THE HEADMISTRESS ☐
THE LUSTFUL TUSK ☐

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(Please print plainly) HM-LT-TES

The headmistress gets a love lesson!

She tempts the gardener.

Cleanliness is next to Heaven.

It's a lot better than a washcloth.

The headmistress makes up for her cruelty.

HUNTER'S HOLLYWOOD

At an age when most women are trying to forget their measurements, **MARTHA RAYE** has finally revealed hers. Would you believe 38-25-36? (Got that written down, Warren Beatty?)

JIM NABORS, despite that beautiful voice, still knows where the money is: he just became the the prime recipient of a multi-million-dollar "Gomer Pyle" re-run deal . . .

The blood feud between **RUDY VALLEE** and **IRVING BERLIN** is still going strong after 36 years — and if Rudy doesn't mend his fences fast, it could cost him a pile of Jewish votes when he runs for Mayor of Los Angeles next fall . . .

No matter how much **MIA FARROW's** agents are denying it, she is definitely seeing a lot of **DAVID HEMMINGS**—and she's really looking starry-eyed these days. (So much for the reconciliation rumors . . .)

Those rumors about **STEVE McQUEEN's** marriage are still flying fast and furious, but it still looks pretty solid from here . . .

JANE FONDA nixed a six-figure bid from a pop underground movie-maker who wanted to film the birth of her baby. Hubby **ROGER VADIM** got so enraged when he heard about it that he went out looking for the guy with blood in his eyes—but, fortunately for all involved, he never caught up with him . . . Little does Roger know that the guy is considered to be among the top two dozen Karate experts on the East Coast!

OSSIE DAVIS is mounting a campaign to keep any Negro actors from appearing in the film version of "The Confessions of Nat Turner." According to Ossie, the book claims that the entire motive for the famous leader of the slave revolt was to sleep with white women, and that it would be degrading for any actor to act in such a flick. Don't know how successful he'll be, though —there are an awful lot of starving Negro actors around.

Barbara Valentine

Busty Russell

GEORGE KENNEDY, who won an Oscar for his role in "Cool Hand Luke", just took a vacation in sunny Spain— and spent his first two days in a jail cell! And not for the usual reasons, either . . .

LIZ TAYLOR is about to finance, and star in, a jet-set inter-racial love story. So far, all she know's is that she wants **HARRY BELAFONTE,** but she's working on the rest—like a script—now that the main objective is accomplished . . . No comment from **DICK BURTON** yet, but we'll expect one any day . . .

Now that **PEARL BAILEY's** all-Negro "Hello, Dolly!" cast has taken Broadway by storm, everyone is getting into the act. **JULES** "Mr. Mercouri" **DASSIN** has just announced that he's going to do an all-Negro remake of "The Informer", a classic of the 1930s . . .

Could be a thing brewing between **SAMMY DAVIS** and sexy **LOLA FALANA.** It's been hinted at for three years—ever since they had that torrid bedroom scene in "A Man Called Adam"—and the rumors seem to have been right after all . . .

Big, big troubles ahead in the **GLENN FORD- KATHRYN HAYS** marriage . . .

All those accounts of **TOMMY SMOTHERS** hopping up on a Miami stage and spouting language that would make Edward Albee blush is greatly over-exaggerated. He was there, all right—but the words were part of a humor routine, which most observers chose to ignore when reporting the incident to the gossip-mongers.

FRANK SINATRA has been seeing quite a bit of **LEE REMICK,** despite those denials in a national magazine. You don't really think you can keep a thing like this secret, do you, Frank???

You know how top stars will usually set a fee of, say, half a million dollars against S per cent of a film's new profits? Well, hold onto your hats: **SEAN CONNERY's** deal, just set, on "Shalako", which also stars **BRIGITTE BARDOT,** is a cool million and a quarter, plus (not against—plus) 30 per cent of the gross (not net—gross) profits. He could come away with seven million bucks on this one

of the buxomest blondes around, has given up the nudie film field in favor of "legit" flicks. A great loss to **art, if** you ask me . . .

Ever hear of a stripper named **BUSTY RUSSELL?** Well, she just had her bossom insured for $100,000—which comes to less than $2,000 an inch!!!

RAQUEL WELCH may well be a bachelor gal again before the summer's over. Her hubby doesn't quite dig some of the publicity antics required of a sex symbol . . .

DEAN MARTIN and **PETER LAWFORD** are just boiling at each other, but nobody seems to want to say why . . .

From all reports from the Via Veneto in Rome, they're really gonna miss **CLINT EASTWOOD** when he comes back to the States. The guy is a blast . . .

No sooner do the **WOOD** sisters—**NATALIE** and **LANA**—patch up up their latest, than another sibling team **WARREN BEATTY** and **SHIRLEY MACLAINE**—go at it tooth and nail . . .

Lola Falana

THEATRE OF THE EROTIC

By JOHN RYAN

An unpleasant truth is something a person cannot really do much about. That is why it is an unpleasant truth.

Theatre audiences pay to be entertained and not moralized at. This is why the musical comedy fares far better in the Broadway theatre than the usual drama.

Even shows like "South Pacific" which are actually a plea for understanding and a plug for integration do far better than some of the viciously bitter dramas of the Off-Broadway or Off-Off-Broadway type

But some playwrights are somewhat able to both entertain and educate at the same time. Albee got away with it in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf," while he failed when he went too far and stripped society a little too bare in "Everything in the Garden."

Another playwright who has been one of the more notable successes of the 20th century has managed to make audiences experience and appreciate grisly presentations.

What playwright? Tennessee Williams, of course. "Baby Doll," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "The Rose Tattoo" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" were only some of the plays that helped bring excitement and interest to the American stage.

But one of his more grisly plays, "Suddenly Last Summer," provoked a new level of reaction and probed the depths of human conflict even more incisively than most of his work

The play opens with an old woman, Mrs. Venable meeting with an immaculate doctor. They are discussing her niece, Catharine and her dead son, Sebastian, who was a poet.

He kept a garden when he was alive, a miniature jungle which included things like a Venus Fly-trap for which flies had to be especially flown in so it could survive.

Catharine is a problem because she insists on telling the story of Sebastian's weird death to the world. Mrs. Venable is determined to keep the publicized positive myth about her son alive and therefore is doing all she can to shut Catharine up both literally and figuratively. In fact, one gets the impression she would happily murder Catherine if there were some way to do so legally.

She has come as close to that as feasible, however, in the fact she has forced Catharine to undergo psychiatric treatment

When an individual gets desperate in his attempt to control another individual his efforts get drastic and violent. If a psychiatrist can't succeed with good communication then he has effectively damaging methods to hide his failures. He works on the patient to make him forget it, black it out. If that doesn't work he scrambles his brain with pain with electric shock or insulin shock.

But even those tortures hadn't worked on Caharine and so Mrs. Venable is discussing the possibility of lobotomy with the doctor who specializes in this particular form of 20th century witchcraft

She offers the doctor and his foundation a great deal of money if he will perform this operation on Catherine to stop her permanently from telling what she really knows to be the truth about her son.

Next we see Catherine talking to the nurse and eventually Sebastian comes up.

CATHARINE:

He liked me and so I loved him!'. (She cries a little again.) If he'd kept hold of my hand I could have saved him!—Sebastian suddenly said to me last summer. "Let's fly north, little bird—I want to walk under those radiant, cold northern lights—I've never seen the aurora borealis!"—Somebody said once or wrote, once: "We're all of us children in a vast kindergarten trying to spell God's name with the wrong alphabet blocks!"

It develops eventually that Sebastian had left each of the family members, including Catharine, fifty thousand dollars apiece in his will. Only Mrs. Venable can contest it. She will only not contest the will if Catharine will keep quiet about his death.

Mrs Venable had been ill which was why she hadn't accompanied Sebastian last summer. Sebastian had asked Catharine to go with him and that was how it all happened. They went to this place, Cabeza Del Lobo, where they went daily to the beach. And Catherine had been disturbed

CATHARINE:

He bought me a swim-suit I didn't want to wear. I laughed. I said, "I can't wear that, it's a scandal to the jay-birds!"

DOCTOR:

What did you mean by that? That the suit was immodest?

CATHARINE:

My God, yes! It was a one-piece suit made of white lisle, the water made it transparent! (She laughs sadly at the memory of it) — I didn't want to swim in it, but he'd grab my hand and drag me into the water all the way in and I'd come out looking naked!

All this comes out after the doctor had given Catharine an injection to make her tell the true story of what had happened.

Sebasian rejected the children and the life that had found him and eventually they pursued him to the beach where he met his end, the end that no one is quite willing to believe or accept.

CATHERINE

—Waiters, police, and others — ran out of buildings and rushed back up the hill with me. When we got back to where my Cousin Sebastian had disappeared in the flock of featherless little black sparrows, he — he was lying naked as they had been naked against a white wall, and this you won't believe, nobody has believed it, nobody could believe it, nobody on earth could possibly believe it, and I don't blame them! — They had devoured parts of him.

(Mrs. Venable cries out softly.)

Torn or cut parts of him away with their hands or knives or maybe those jagged tin cans they made music with, they had torn bits of him away and stuffed them into those gobbling fierce little empty black mouths of theirs. There wasn't a sound any more, there was nothing to see but Sebastian what was left of him, that looked like a big white paper-wrapped bunch of red roses had been torn, thrown, crushed! — against the blazing white wall . . .

The last line in the play is that of the good doctor who says:

"I think we ought to at least consider the possibility that the girl's story could be true . . ."

A fascinating bit of Americana! "Suddenly Last Summer" may not be lasting literature but it certainly reflects on the nature of people, their realities and their effort to maintain their illusions in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary.

the WORLD of the SUPERNATURAL

Pacts With The Devil

By EMIL SLOANE

For some reason—and I'm certainly not about to gripe about it—many Insider readers have written to me through the paper to express their interest in pacts with the Devil.

In the past, I have produced two general pacts, but now, after considerable searching, I have come up with a truly Satanic pact, which I will be able to to reproduce word for word (allowing for some very slight changes due to the translation.)

My thanks is due primarily to Guazzo, whose "Compedium Maleficarium" ranks second only to the notorious "Malleus Maleficarum" among the most important books of Medieval Witchcraft.

The pact is modeled after the Catholic liturgy of the sixteenth century and has eleven separate and distinct clauses.

Deny God

The first clause reads thus:

"I deny the Creator of heaven and earth; I deny my baptism; I deny the worship I formerly paid to God. I adhere to the Devil and believe only in thee."

It is also noted that, while swearing this oath of infernal allegiance, the pact-maker must simultaneously trample a cross into the ground.

The second clause reads as follows:

"I willingly allow thee to baptize me, under the name of ———"

(The Devil usually chose a properly non-Christian name with which to dub his newest convert.)

The third clause required the pact-maker to say nothing, but to symbolically remove the baptismal chrism (the consecrated oil mingled with balm.)

Deny Godparents

The fourth clause reads thus:

"I hereby deny my godparents, and assign ——— and ——— as my new sponsors." The two new sponsors were usually Beezlebub and Leviathan, two infernal princes who are assumed by demonologists to be Satin's right-hand men (or demons, as the case may be.)

The fifth clause requires the subject to surrender a token of clothing to the Devil. According to Guazzo, in women this token was usually some undergarment, signyfying her sexual submissiveness to Satan and his infernal horde.

The sixth clause requires the convert to stand within a "magic circle" (actually a pentegram) and swear eternal allegiance to the Devil. He was made to put his left hand behind his back and touch the Devil's right hand with it, simultaneously stating that "I hereby pledge my loyalty to you and no other, for the duration of this life and for all eternity to follow. I shall always remain in your service, and will respond with instant subservience and obedience to all your commands, no matter what they be."

Book Of Death

The seventh clause demands that the name of the convert be "struck out of the Book of Life and written in the Book of Death." In other words, upon conclusion of the pact, the convert, though he will remain in his corporeal body and enjoy all the physical pleasures of live, will no longer be listed among the living.

What's the difference, as long as he can do everything he had done prior to signing the pact?

Simple: if he is officially dead, he cannot repent and atone for his sins and thus cheat the Devil out of his due!

The eighth clause is rather difficult to translate, inasmuch as even Guazzo seems somewhat dubious about its finer points.

Demands Sacrifice

Basically, it demands that the convert pledge to sacrifice a number of children to Satan before leaving this world for the warmer confines of Hell, but the number of children is in doubt, as well as their age. I personally interpret it to apply to children less than three years old, though I cannot begin to guess why this arbitrary age should have been chosen.

The ninth clause reads thus:

"I hereby swear to make a year's tribute to my personal demon, which shall be assigned by the Prince of Darkness, and furthermore that this tribute shall be invalid if its color is not black."

The tenth clause is easy to translate, but somewhat difficult to get past the censors. Basically, it forces the subject to agree to having the Devil's mark engraved on various parts of his or her body—and especially in the genital region. With men, this seems to imply the entire length of the erect penis, and with women, the inner lips of the vagina.

The eleventh clause reads as follows:

Rejects Bible

"I hereby pledge never to adore the Blessed Sacrement, always to abuse the Virgin and the Saints, spit on and destroy holy relics as much as possible, never to use holy water or holy candles, never to make full confession of all my sins, and finally to maintain the strictest silence about my traffic with thee."

Incidentally, Clause Number Eight, the one about sacrificing children, may well have provided the basis of the blood-sucking portion of the vampire legend. One line of it reads thus:

"I promise the sacrifice of . . . . children, killing one by sorcery every month—or sucking its blood every fortnight."

The clear implication is that the child would be kept alive, and that the convert would use it much as Africa's Masai warriors use their cattle: to drink it's blood infrequently enough to allow it to recover so that the process can be repeated interminably.

Weigh Authenticity

How legitimate or authentic is this pact?

Well, obviously it was never signed by Satan, if indeed there exists a Satan to sign it. However, a number of sixteenth century devil-worshipping cultists swear that Satan himself really did draw it up. If this is true, then it is authentic; if there is no Satan, then a pact drawn up by his worshippers at a time when belief in the Devil was at its height is the closest thing to an authentic pact that will ever exist.

Last week's quiz asked you to identify Hakim, and to explain how he died. He was also known as Mocanna, and was a contemporary of Mohammed who was said to have miraculous powers. He supposedly created a moon that rose out of a sacred well, and finally died in a bath prepared of his own magical ingredients, dissolving until nothing remained but a single lock of his hair.

This week's quiz: how can you use a lizard to kill a man with magic? The answer will appear in this space in next week's Insider.

Mistress Is Treated 'Great!'

Mrs. Juno Payne, a housewife living in London, was the exemplification of kindness to her husband's mistress.

She invited her into her home, let her sleep in the living room and even set her hair.

When she found her husband Edwuerd in bed with his mistress, she quietly left the room and let them continue to sleep.

The judge in the Divorce Court, after hearing the testimony said: "I find it quite probable that she should act as she did."

For Mrs. Payne, 39, had hope that by not complaining to her husband she might keep the true feels from her three children.

The couple were married in 1947—15 years before Payne met Mrs. Rosemary Eavis. According to Mrs. Payne the marriage was happy for only six months.

She first discovered Mrs. Eavis when her husband wrote her a note:

"Dear Jane. I have fallen in love again. It's gone too far for me to even think properly."

Within a few months Payne and Mrs. Eavis were on "sexual terms."

They had ample opportunity to commit adultery when Mrs. Eavis' truck-driver husband was on the night shift.

The judge granted Mrs. Payne a degree on the ground's of her husband's adultery.

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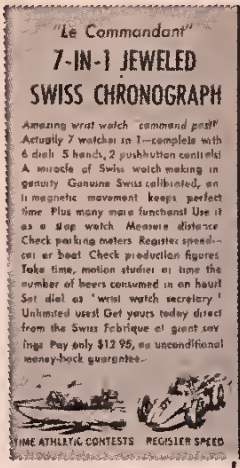

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MEET THE FRAUD FIGHTERS!

(Continued from Page 20)

"You better get with it. Women are tired of meat with worms in it, blouses that burn and pipelines that blow up under their homes."

The consumer champion has won both praise and wrath. One Congressman said of him, "He was a Congressional staffer's dream. He had the data—the names and phone numbers to substantiate everything. He wasn't selling anything." One auto manufacturer blasts, "Where in the hell would he be if he hadn't tangled with GM? He'd be a nobody."

Yet another says, "Nader has hurt us—bad. His contribution has not been so much to safety per se, as to the voice and flesh he gave the consumer He was—and still is—a tough customer But there are a helluva lot more just like him in our showrooms"

There was something irresistible about the American consumer underdog image Nader radiates. Slender, boyish, and vulnerable, he was tackling a giant industry. He was the underdog and, as a result, he was winning fans as fast as the New York Mets.

His female counterpart, Betty Furness, has nothing but praise for him. "Most inspection bills have been going up and down Capitol Hill for years with nothing being done because of powerful industrial lobbyists. We all thought 1967 would be the same There would be no meat hill. We were pleasantly surprised."

Ralph Nader minced no words. When he got hold of a secret federal report on meat plants outside federal jurisdiction, he blew up like a stick of dynamite Again, New Republic was the tool he used to get his message to the public. President Johnson, signing the meat bill, revealed a few portions of that report himself:

"A man was wrapping pork shoulders," the President said. "He dropped one in the sawdust, picked it up, wiped it off with a dirty, sour rag . . . Beef was broken on an open dock by a dirt road in 96-degree weather. There were flies on the meat. Drums of bones and meat scraps nearby were covered with maggots."

This was what Nader had been hatling.

His New Republic articles created a storm!

"You wouldn't believe the letters we got!" exclaimed Betty Furness "They were from meat inspectors themselves, their wives, ordinary consumers—everybody—demanding tough action"

Ralph Nader is one man who gets it!

The third consumer crusader, our own Arthur C. Richards (a pen-name) is slightly different in his approach. While he does occasionally attack a general industry, his primary hattle is for the individual consumer—the woman in Kansas who pays $7,000 for aluminum siding only to find she's been gypped and can no longer locate the company.

Richards, whose real-life name is James L. Moore, has been involved with everything from sex books to murder, nearly always taking the side of the underdog. With over 1.2 million readers, he has tackled corporate giants such as Sears, Roebuck & Company, AAMCO Transmission chains, the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company—even the Cosa Nostra and the United States Government!

Though his victories have not received near the publicity that given Nader and Miss Furness, his battles have often been just as vicious and, occassionally, just as rewarding.

With the help of major U.S. watch manufacturers, he waded into the thick of a Mafia watch fraud ring, getting beaten up in the process of photographing their operations. Shortly after the story came out in this paper, the Federal Trade Commission filed charges against Mafia gangsters running the operation.

Richards (or Moore) has continued the watch war, claiming state authorities are not acting to clean up the situation His main target has been the Illinois Attorney General's office.

Like Nader, he has taken on General Motors, blasting their dangerous policies of using unsafe window glass in their automobiles. "The practice," Moore claims, "is common with all major auto producers in America" Though Moore and Nader have not yet joined efforts to tackle the auto manufacturers, it still remains a possibility

"Nader," Moore says, "is doing one part of the job, while I'm doing another part. He uses the shotgun while I use the rifle, so to speak."

Moore, with the help of the NATIONAL INSIDER, has waged a war to win new laws cracking down on corporation statutes which down on corporation statutes which enable a company to go bankrupt, gypping thousands of people in the process, then turn around and go into business under another name — a common practice in unethical circles.

Like Nader, this Insider staffer has rocked many a governmental boat. A scathing expose of the Internal Revenue Service, published almost the same time that Reader's Digest levelled its big guns against the IRS, resulted in an urgent IRS news conference in which the big bosses denied everything

Then, Moore says, an immediate investigation was begun on his own background, with federal agents snooping into his own private life the way GM had done with Nader

An Indiana murder case has put Moore at the top of the newsmaker list in that state. Shortly after going on Fort Wayne, Indiana, television to claim police had changed records and were protecting a killer of a 92-year-old widow, Indiana Governor Roger Branigan called in United Press-International to call Moore "an idiot."

But a surprisingly large number of people are beginning to think maybe he's no idiot after all.

His consistent attacks upon unethical business practices are beginning to be heard on Capitol Hill. Congressmen are expressing an interest in what the 23-year-old reporter is saying

When he exposed the fraud and corruption in the aluminum siding industry, naming people and places, the federal government again moved in, hauling the named companies into court.

The Insider's columnist has taken on giants such as Sears, Roebuck and Company—and he has won. Some of his earlier hatlles are still raging. A war with National Dynamics Corporation, a New York company that makes VX-6 battery additive, has continued unabated for over a year after Moore accused the company of using forged and stolen testimonial letters to plug a worthless product.

He wages constant war against dozens of automotive gadget firms, claiming their advertising is false and their gadgets worthless. Usually he is right

Quite often the companies his names are hauled into court. Sometimes they are not.

"We're not out to wreck anyone," Moore says. "We always give the company a chance to take care of the complaints themselves. We tell them what our reader has to say and we ask them to do something about it.

"Most reader complaints are mere misunderstandings . . . poor bookkeeping, lost mail, misplaced or delayed orders, things like that.

"But you do run into outfits that are out to do nothing but gyp the consumer You have companies that will forge testimonial letters, use blackmail, threats, anything necessary to sell a product.

"These are the ones we're after. If they can't change their policies to adhere to common ethics and honesty, then they don't belong in the business in the first place"

The Insider's Consumer Fraud Division, headed by Moore, doesn't let up on anyone. "We keep after these companies until we get results. We turn our files over to government investigators anytime they can be useful. We keep in touch with Better Business Bureau branches around the country."

Weeks or months after an investigation is closed, Moore reopens it, checks into the company's operation to see if fraudulent or deceptive practices are still commonplace. If so, he levels the editorial guns at them a second — or third or fourth — time however many is necessary to get results.

One such case, involving Midwest Consumers, Inc., a pots and pans outfit catering to brides and new mothers, continued for months. There were threats of a lawsuit by the pots-and-pans outfit Midwest Consumers was offering a "free" wholesale club membership to anyone who bought the pots and pans at a cost of over $350.

The insider exposed the wholesale pitch as a hoax.

The Illinois Attorney General asked to see Moore's files and, a short time later, Midwest Consumers was hauled into court and ordered to repay $25,000 to gypped customers.

"I have never seen angrier consumers than I saw then," said Illinois Attorney General William G. Clark.

Moore, Nader and Miss Furness have received increasing support from senators Warren G. Magnuson, Gaylord Nelson, Walter Mondale, Robert Kennedy and Abraham Ribicoff—all outspoken proconsumer Congressmen. All have been influential in passing consumer protection legislation

Some have wondered why these "fraud fighters," so they are jokingly called, don't cash in and get out of the field.

"Most people would become wealthy lecturers," one lobbyist exclaimed.

"I'm not really a reformer," answers Nader. "So many reformers leave a lot to be desired. A dreamer? No, I've got to be practical. But the real question is not why I'm doing what I'm doing, but why so many people don't care."

Both men are constantly on the spot . . . always on guard against those who would discredit them. Nader once received a letter from a man claiming to be a Ph.D. employed by a big Midwestern meat packer. The man offered extremely damaging evidence against his employer, but when Nader checked it out, the Ph.D. title was made-up and the so-called "evidence" was just as phony.

Moore recently was offered "a hot case" by a Chicagoan who claimed to have proof of a conspiracy between an auto dealer and a government office.

Betty Furness — Way Back When

A thorough check revealed that the informant had crime syndicate connections and was being sought by the law for forgery. Had he accepted the "evidence", Moore would have left himself wide open for a multi-million dollar law suit

Neither Nader nor Moore have ever been sued, though both have been threatened When Moore tackled National Dynamics, he was well aware that Motor Trend Magazine, several years before, had tried the same thing and was sued for $1.5 million. The magazine won Moore went even further, showing not only that testimonial letters were not authorized, but that they were forged and stolen National Dynamics to this day has remained silent about the affair and refuses to sue. (See insider December 31, 1967)

After being tailed by GM private eyes, Nader turned the tables and sued General Motors for $26 million. It may be years before it gets into court.

There are professionals on the side of the consumer, though the man in the street may not think so often Most housewives are grateful to publications like The National Insider and New Republic which have the nerve and the courage to tackle the seemingly impossible and to men—and women—like Ralph Nader, Arthur C. Richards (Moore) and Betty Furness, who everyday gamble their reputations, their careers, and sometimes their lives in an attempt to win a better life for the American consumer.

ARTHUR RICHARD'S HOT LINE

Dear Sirs:

In September 1966 we purchased an antenna from Sears, Roebuck and Company in Johnstown, Pa. It was one of the biggest listed that year, cost $39.00 and promised a 250-mile range. The salesman told my husband we would easily receive Pittsburgh stations.

Several weeks later we noticed Sears offered a free antenna check. We'd been getting poor reception, so we asked for the check. The service man came out and after a thorough check told us the lead wire was too long and that everything else was airight.

We kept having trouble and called the service department several times. They said we were in a fringe area and needed a rotor. During this time, our landlord told us he'd sold the house and we'd have to move, so we decided to wait until after we moved before buying a rotor.

When we did move in August 1967, we attached the antenna to our new place. Reception was terrible. My husband checked the antenna and found the "non-corrosive metal" was corroded. He took it back to Sears.

I called the service department and the manager told me, "That antenna is a piece of junk. It can't be repaired and it can't be resold. I'd have to throw it on the scrap heap." When I asked him why, he said because we attached it to a coal chimney. I told him the salesmen had recommended attaching it there and he said, "Well, we can't ask everyone what kind of furnace they have when they buy an antenna.

At the moment Sears has our antenna and we had to buy another one for $11.95. The cheaper one is excellent.

Shortly after buying the Sears antenna and we had to buy anwith it, we bought some tires and other merchandise on our Sears account. We told them we were returning these things because of the treatment we had received with the antenna. We have no intention of paying off the balance of our account until some reasonable offer of restitution is made for the antenna. I've been told by their representative that they can ruin our credit for this. Well, now what do I do?

If Sears, which is so big and apparently as powerful as they are—powerful enough to ruin a person's credit, is allowed to treat customers in this manner, think of how many people they have cheated.

My experience with the Better Business Bureau can be judged by the facts. I think I wasted a stamp.

I have a feeling you may be the only hope.

Mrs. J. A. Small
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Whew! What an order.

This columnist has tackled some corporate giants, but this looked like an ant taking on an elephant. We marched over to Sears and said, "Okay, what's up?" Surprisingly, they weren't mean about it at all. Maybe they don't want bad publicity, but P. L. Meyer, director of customer relations at Sears' headquarters in Chicago, said, "Mrs. Small's complaint will be taken care of."

A few days later he wrote and said everything had been cleared up and restitution had been made, making Mrs. Small a much happier woman . . . thanks to the NATIONAL INSIDER.

AN INSIDER EXCLUSIVE

Christine And Mandy—Today!

By JULES VAUGHN

I have just returned from a trip abroad for this newspaper. And the results have been pretty startling in some cases.

In future weeks, I'll be telling you stories you'll find hard to believe about such people as Anita Ekberg, Michael Caine, Sean Connery, Gina Lollabrigida and several others.

But if you check, you'll find that every one of those stories is true—even though this is the only place where you'll be able to read them.

The same goes for this week's exclusive: the inside story of what Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies—the two call girl queens of London a few years ago—are doing now.

Well, to begin with, neither Mandy nor Christine are Keeler or Davies anymore. Mandy is Mandy Shaul, and Christine is Christine Johnson. Both are married—though both aren't happily married unfortunately.

Mandy bounced around quite a bit after the Profumo scandal. She dated a lot of men, and went to bed with a lot of them. She searched for the satisfaction that she had never found when she was a paid playmate in the beds of government higher-ups.

But it didn't work.

Soon she was drinking more than she should, and more than she could hold.

She ran out of money and had to get a job as a singer in a night club. But the notoriety of being an infamous celebrity had worn off. All that was left were the stares of lecherous men who wanted the body that Lord Profumo had had.

Christine Keeler

She eventually couldn't take it and went to Israel. The Jews were starting a new state there. Mandy hoped that she could start a new life.

And she did. One day she met a handsome airline steward who had just flown to Tel Aviv and had a few hours between flights. His name was Rafael Shaul.

The had a drink together—of tomato juice, believe it or not—and quickly got to like one another. He promised that the next time he got to Tel Aviv, he would look her up.

That was three weeks later. But Mandy, who had known more men than she could remember, couldn't forget Rafael.

Six months later they were married.

But before getting married, they made one vow.

That their work would not separate them. But how could they keep that vow? He was traveling

Mandy Rice-Davis

constantly and there was little work in Tel Aviv for a man.

Mandy, always an inventive girl in bed, proved that she was just as inventive in other areas. She still had some money coming in from selling her life story (it originally ran in The Insider in America—editor). When the check came in, she said, why not start a night club in Tel Aviv where she would perform and he would run things?

And so they did

It was a struggle at first, but today the club—Mandy's is thriving. And Mandy Rice-Davies Shaul is a happy young woman of 28.

The same cannot be said for Christine Keeler

Since the public exposure of her private exposures, Christine has not found happiness. She married an Englishman, Henry Gore Johnson, but the marriage does not seem to be working out. They are separated most of the time. Christine keeps a private apartment in the plush north section of London. She works as a secretary during the day, and is writing a novel during the night.

But late at night in her apartment, orgies go on the likes of which she never knew when she was hopping from bed to bed with high British officials.

And yet no one but Christine is in her apartment when these orgies take place

And we are not talking about the wild masturbatory fits that many famous women, such as the late Dorothy Dandridge, used to indulge in.

We are talking about dreams.

For if Christine Keeler has controlled her conscious thoughts, if she has won the struggle to build a new character and a new life for herself outwardly, inside—inside her subconscious mind—she is chaos.

A murky, erotic, frustrating chaos.

One dream that she constantly has is of herself spreadeagled before a group of men. Each one walks up to her and caresses her naked body in the most sensitive places

But then they walk away, to be followed by the next, never giving her any satisfaction, only frustrating her more and more and more.

Another dream is more symbolic. In it, she is a little girl. She is in a field of flowers. She keeps trying to pick them and to smell their sweetness, but every time that she reaches out only thorns are there. Finally, the dream ends when her hands are so bloody that she cannot stand the pain any longer.

These are the dreams of Christine Keeler today.

They are a far cry from the dream Mandy Rice-Davies Shaul has achieved.

Any Hour Good For Love-Making!

By BRETT MOSS

A team of doctors of the Yugoslavian State Research Bureau has just released their study on the preferred time for sexual intercourse. This report was commissioned as part of an overall study of possible causes for the relative stability of the Yugoslavian birth rate.

One thousand couples (2,000 individuals) and 1,000 single persons were selected at random. Their ages ranged from 20 to 35—the most active sexually and most prolific years. Because of the delicacy of the subject, no pressure was put on the persons selected to answer. However, 571 of the married couples and 488 of the single individuals returned the forms. This unusually high percentage, the researchers felt, indicated intense feelings concerning the subject.

Preferences Revealed

Results of the survey of preferred time for sexual activity are as follows:

Number Expressing Preference

Time	Married	Single
Upon Awakening	213	57
Early Day until 3 p.m.	27	52
Late Afternoon & Eve.	66	162
Night and Before Retiring	265	207
Total	571	488

The figures show that the great majority of married couples preferred coitus on awakening or before retiring. Obviously, the intimacy of a shared moment before the household awakened or the peace and quiet when the day's chores were over made them turn to each other. The presence of children probably contributes to their preference for the early or late times.

Choice Understood

The preference of single persons for evening or late night times fr sexual activity is very understandable. They are probably busy with jobs and careers during the day and enjoy their social activities in the evenings for the most part. It probably indicates also that many times they enjoy impulsive and casual sexual encounters resulting from meetings in cocktail bars or restaurants.

A tabulation of the actual times reported showed the following results:

Actual Times Reported
(Based on a frequency figure of 3 out of 5 coital experiences)

Time	Married	Single
Upon awakening	71	101
Early day until 3 p.m.	162	57
Late Afternoon & Eve.	212	122
Night and Before Retiring	126	198
Total	571	488

Surprisingly, the actual times that married couples indulged in sexual relations are completely in variance with their desires. The researchers were baffled by this discrepancy until they turned the forms over and read the comments. Practically all the married couples complained of lack of opportunity and privacy for their love-making.

Hours Incompatible

Many of the comments concerned incompatible working hours. "It's no good," one woman wrote. "After eight hours on my feet all I want is to sleep alone. But when I get home he's just waking up rested and eager to make love." According to one man, he and his wife are on separate merry-go-rounds. He wrote, "Once in a while,, we meet and clutch for a while, but it's hurried and unsatisfactory.

The other most common complaint was the lack of privacy caused by families doubling up in one apartment. One man commented as follows, "You wait up till hours for the house to quiet down and even then the walls are so thin you're sure everyone is awake again and listening. The next day you're so tired you wonder if it was worth it." One woman plaintively asked, "How can love-making be fun and spontaneous, if you have to plan a campaign to get a moment alone.

Many couples pointed out that about the only time they had the house to themselves was 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. "But you're never safe from interruptions," one woman complained. "There's no time for foreplay—all you want to do is get it over with before something happens."

For single people, on the other hand, the two sets of figures correspond very well. This would seem to indicate that single people tend to choose bed partners whose schedules fit their own.

Nude Movie

(Continued from Page 11)

Now you may think this is the end of the story.

It isn't—But we will not spoil the surprise ending of the picture by telling it all here. It is told in the special magazine edition about the picture which shows how all these events happen.

The magazine has one advantage over the film itself. It shows many of the things that the actors and actresses were doing as the film was being made.

They enjoyed themselves thoroughly and it is obvious they had fun!

There is certainly no evidence of pain on the face of the actor who portrays Mario as he holds one of the naked girls next to his naked body as he waits for the cameras to be set up!

See the picture. There is no doubt that it will entertain you with the power that is now Rome's—the power of love, laughter and appreciative pinches!

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Orgasm During Pregnancy: Aid Or Danger?

By DR. T. J. GROSHIEK

Recently a woman came to me asking whether it was all right for her to masturbate.

She was several months pregnant, and intercourse with her husband had gotten just difficult enough so that he was no longer consistently able to bring her to climax.

As a result, she would masturbate herself while he was performing the sex act, thus achieving her release in this manner.

She was worried, however, whether this unusual way of producing her orgasm would harm the pregnancy in any way.

The answer — in her case — is that it could only help it.

The answer — in another case — is that it could harm it beyond repair.

Factual Cases

Let me tell you of two cases I recently encountered that explain why.

The first involved a young couple much like this woman and her husband. She was five months pregnant, but still very much desired intercourse. Often, as pregnancy progresses, nature guards against anything happening to its fetus by making the woman less inclined to want sex. But this had not happened to Mary L.

Like the young woman I just mentioned, her bulging abdomen made the angle of entrance of her husband's penis different than it had been when they formerly had intercourse, and as a result it did not make contact with her clitoris. Because of this, Mary L. could not achieve an orgasm. Her husband was afraid to be too vigorous in his movements inside her because of the pregnancy, and thus was not able to produce an orgasm in her in this way either.

Mary began to feel very frustrated and finally consulted me as to whether she could help herself to an orgasm while they were having intercourse by digitally manipulating her clitoris. I told her by all means to do this. As soon as she began the practice, the pelvic pains that she had were due to something wrong with the pregnancy — subsided completely.

As did her frustrated state.

A few months later, she delivered a healthy baby.

Must Halt Practice

However, there was one other thing I told Mary L. when she came in to see me. That was that she should NOT follow this practice after she was seven months pregnant.

Why?

Another case—that of Lawrence and Betty P.—illustrates the dangers of this practice in the last weeks of pregnancy.

This couple encountered the same sexual problem as pregnancy were on that all married couples do. It was impossible for them to continue normal penile-vaginal intercourse and, of course, I had advised them against it in the later stages of the pregnancy.

But Lawrence and Betty had continued with oral methods of mutual gratification as well as mutually masturbating one another. Betty had become so used to—and gratified by—this method of reaching climax that she could hardly let a single night go by without having her husband perform it upon her.

As I mentioned before, most women lose their sex drive in the later stages of pregnancy. But Betty, because of her new found satisfaction with being masturbated or performed on orally, wanted sex more than ever. For her, as for many women, this method of achieving orgasm was much more exacting and satisfying than normal penile-vaginal intercourse had been.

Hungry For Sex

She was so hungry for this practice nightly, in fact, that when her husband finally resisted doing what they had been doing because he feared that in some way it might harm the pregnancy, Betty herself fell into the habit of satisfying her nightly urges through masturbation after he was asleep.

However, the great desires which now dominated her began to come more frequently, as so she soon found herself masturbating during the day when her husband was at work. One day she experienced a tremendous multiple orgasm because of manipulating herself in a new way, and the vaginal contractions which accompanied the clitoral orgasm induced pelvic contractions which brought on labor.

She called her husband to rush home and take her to the hospital, but by the time he arrived home the baby had been born prematurely. Tragically, it did not survive.

This is a sad story, but it happens in one form or another thousands and thousands of times every year in this country. One reason is because couples discover such methods of having the woman reach orgasm as oral intercourse for the first time during pregnancy —when they cannot perform sex in the usual way.

Many sexologists have noted that oral intercourse or even digital masturbation is more satisfying to women than penile-vaginal intercourse, and the excitement of discovering this new form of satisfaction often makes the woman more sexual during the last months of the pregnancy than less.

This has the advantage of making the husband more sexually interested in his wife and more loyal during this otherwise difficult period, but it also increases the chance of premature labor.

So my advice is: Induce orgasm as much as possible for the first seven months of pregnancy—but be as careful as possible after that!

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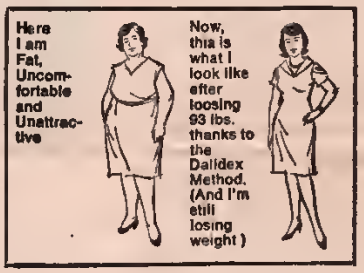

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Both Sides of Love

By HEDY JO STAR
America's first sex change

If you have a problem you'd like Hedy Jo to answer, write to her in care of Both Sides of Love, National Insider, 2713 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639. Letters will be answered only through her column. We regret that personal answers cannot be given nor mail forwarded.

Dear Hedy:

I am neither totally on the side of the homosexual or the heterosexual and shall give my reasons. For every intelligent, sensible, loving marriage there are many that end in divorce courts because of personality conflicts and scores of other reasons — finance, in-laws, sex incompatibility, etc. However, there are marriages in which a wife suddenly discovers that her husband wants her to give him oral intercourse and she is disgusted with this request; then there are the wife-and-husband swappers, truly a mixed-up crowd; nagging wives, wife-beaters, husbands and wives who have beaten some children to death, husbands and wives who cheat on each other; the list is endless.

In the homosexual realm there are some young men who think that they are a gift to the world, to be admired for their facial and body attractiveness, and flit about from one romance to the other with continuous disloyalties. There are some who appear to be charming on the surface only to turn out to be blackmailers, thieves, brawlers. In contrast, there are some homosexuals who, through their similar interests in the arts or otherwise, form deep friendships that can be lasting. Some psychologists have admitted that in instances a homosexual love can be purer than that of the heterosexual. I feel it is a matter of individual experience.

In order to be fair to **Both Sides of Love** we must be realistic enough to recognize that it is the individual way in which two persons get together that determines whether they maintain a true affection or a sordid one.

J. S.
Massachusetts

Dear J. S.:

Yes, but when you go against nature to begin with, you've got a sordid situation. Sure, homosexuals can be nice people. But they are still a sick people. They can love — but not normally, not completely happily. I admit a lot of man-woman marriages are even worse, but just because you find one bad ear of corn doesn't mean you should never plant a garden again.

Hedy

Dear Hedy Jo:

I read your column every week and really enjoy it. It is wonderful that people write you for help and you solve or try to solve their problems. Here is my problem. I am 29 years old and a white male who is sometimes very nervous and prefer to be alone a lot. I have one close buddy who has helped in trying to "bring me out of my shell." Well, the problem is not him. It is a fellow named George I met at the party without his wife. He became interested in me, Hedy, and after several drinks we went home together and to his apartment. Well, the next thing I remember we were masturbating each other and enjoying it. He told me he doesn't get along with his wife (who was away visiting her sister) and said he has liked doing this for a long time despite being married. Well, next week we were in his apartment again and this time after he gave me lots of liquor we were performing oral copulation on each other. He told me how he can't live without me and wants to divorce his wife and live with me. Hedy, I really liked him when I first met him as a person but I never did anything like this before and now I want to do it as much as he does. Should I stop seeing him and let him live with or without his wife or change my way of living? Please help me out Miss Star. I need your help. Answer as soon as possible.

A. H.
New Jersey

Write to Hedy Jo Star with Your Personal Problems.

Dear A. H.:

See a psychiatrist — as soon as possible.

Hedy

Dear Hedy Jo:

I would like to tell you that I'm home from the hospital where I gave birth to twins on April 7. I also want to say that my husband—who is 26—and I have named the baby girl after you. I had a boy and a girl. I don't know if at 64 I'm the oldest woman to have a baby but I am sure of one thing, I'm the oldest to have twins! Thanks for your advice.

M. T.
Connecticut

Dear M. T.:

I'm glad the advice helped. And I look forward to your next birth announcement!

Hedy

Hedy Jo Star's life story — in book form—can be obtained by sending 85 cents to: Publishers' Promotion Agency, 2717 N. Pulaski Rd., Chicago, Illinois 60639. No COD's accepted. Price includes postage and handling.

Dear Hedy Jo:

I have no family now, live alone. I'm not old and not young but still possess a slim body with little hair but all my teeth.

The only form of sex I like now is to have beautiful girls perform oral intercourse on me. One night I got a living doll. She not only gave me a complete oral intercourse but said she insisted on mouthing my anus, then inserted her long finger into my anus. I enjoyed it very much. She also played with my buttocks, gently spanking them, kissing them all over. I never experienced anything like that before.

Now my question is: Is this sort of love-making really harmful to myself?

Henry H.
Maryland

PS Please answer me in your column as I am a steady reader of the **Insider** and your fine column. Thank you so much and hope your charm and good answers give people like me a helping hand.

Dear Henry:

Yes and no. In your case—with the spankings and fingerings and all—I think you've got problems, at least the situation should be reversed.

Hedy Jo

Dear Hedy Jo:

I read your column nearly weekly and truly enjoy it. I have this problem. My boyfriend Craig is real smart, a swell guy, I mean, intellectually. But when it comes to sex, he has this habit that really bothers me. He drives me wild in bed, and brings me to climax by manipulating my clitoris, but he uses his feet!! His toes are really nimble, and he sure can use them. It was kind of novel at first, but he still does it and I'm beginning to wonder whether he is normal. How can I tell him I want sex the "good old way"? He reads the **Insider** so please print this and help me with my problem.

Thank you,
Marge E.
Minnesota

Dear Marge:

If you're not putting me on, I'd say the thing to do is to try and show him there are other delights beside foot relations. But don't kick a gift horse in the foot, either, if he brings you to such tremendous orgasms!

Hedy

THROUGH THE STRETCH

by CARSON CARTER

AT NEW YORK

CANAL	Still has class to score
CRAFTY SHERRY	The shorter the better
EVER ON	Brother of Forward Pass
FUEL CARRIER	Needs at least 1¼ miles
IN REALITY	Back at peak of form
MOSS	On the improve
MR. WASHINGTON	Regaining his fine winter form
STORM CROST	Looks like a repeater
TOO BALD	Best filly in America
TUMIGA	Solid at 6 furlongs

AT CHICAGO

ASTER	The longer the better
BETTER B. DAN	Chance for repeat here
BOLD AMBITION	Should keep on winning
BUTTERFIELD ROAD	Solid at 6 furlongs
GOOD ABILITY	Will win his share
MODIE'S GIFT	Never better
MR. SWOON	In winning form
OUR FOX	Could pull an upset
SWIMMIN' HOLE	Usually a factor
ZIP POCKET	Tab for sprint stakes

AT MICHIGAN

BOARD MARKET	Cinch to repeat
CROW Y'ALL	Chance to win again
ENLIGHTENMENT	Usually a contender
MICHIGAN MISS	Rounding to top form
PRESTO FEET	Needs a mile or more
PROMINENCE	Sharp at 6½ furlongs
ROSEBERRY	The longer the better
SAKIBUM	Could surprise
TAKE SILK	On the improve
TOM'S MOON	Looks ready to score

SPOT THE CHANGES QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Crown of guitarist's hat is flatter.
2. The blanket over his shoulder is longer
3. Neckline of senorita's dress is lower and more revealing.
4. Feeding cup on her parrot's perch has vanished.
5. Left-hand corner post of balcony is thicker.
6. There is a hoop round plant tub.
7. Back rest of chair is deeper.
8. Umbrella pole is white.
9. Bush in front of church is lower, showing more of window.
10. The moon is fuller.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dog Eat Dog World

Dear Editor:

You are wasting your time trying to prove that the Dr. King Assassination and John F. Kennedy are related! I wish I could give you some encouragement but I have none for you because I happen to know you will only get Burned Out for trying to relate these assassinations.

I really don't think any human killed them, I think GOD did it because GOD has Butchered every Progressive and Humanitarian human being since the world has been here. He wil never let any person create LOVE and security and Brotherhood of all mankind, for he would have no way to amuse himself it it were this way.

Look at Christ. He was teaching the same thing as King. And look at Lincoln, King, Kennedy, and read History, you will not find a "Single Person that believes in Justice, but what hasn't been Persecuted, Harrassed, Tortured, Driven out of the community, used as a scapegoat for the Normal People's Sins. And the people are just as Savage and Brutal now as they were thousands of years ago.

I Believe God Uses Man for his own Amusement He deliberately makes man Ignorant, Brutal, and Bloodthirsty, so the earth will support the Best of the Life and the other are just as any other kind of Seed, the Bad just are destroyed. I think God has about as much love when It comes to Loving All the People, poor, and Black etc as a Farmer does when he plants the corn in Spring, He aorts the bad seed out and destroys it. Never shedding a single tear. Maybe the Corn has a Soul, It at least grows. Maybe the Bad Seed needs the Love of the Good and Perfectones. But do they get it?

Perhaps you think this is silly, but you probably havan't had my experiences. After so much Torment, One has ways to find out how nature works. And if God is all-powerful He must be the Guilty one. I suppose someway God Eats man, just as man eats Coro. Maybe to you It is "invisible" but to me It can be proved that all higher things Eat the one under them. A Rat will never Master a Cat. Neither will the Minorities Gain Freedom. Christ saw this after he became Discouraged when the people never appreciated his Non-Violence. They killed him (Or God Killed him by "Obsessing" men with an instinct to kill, so man would take the blame, since God is Just and Can't kill, himself. He Uses the Gun to Threaten Man to Kill, or be killed, so Man kills).

As you Know, God likes to Swim In Blood, Wash his hands in the blood of Lambe (Pacifists, like Christ and King, and Malcolm X etc). And he will do the same again. The Gas chambers of Germany will not compare with the MACE and other chemicals used in this country this summer if the poor, or Black people try to force Washington to help them. They will be Tricked again, as always, by the politicians running for president, and have their hopes built up for a little while longer. But nothing will change. It will still be the same Dog Eat Dog, God Eat Man world

Eric Starvo, Galt. James Earl Ray. John Doe. W C Watson and any other name you wish to call me.

Wife Spanking

Dear Editor:

The letter by Jack Mooney in your May 12th issue saying in effect: Have Whip Will Travel should be of wide and thoughtful interest. It is possible that he is performing a much-called-for service, however, be being single, he is bound to meet with considerable complications, particularly when he speaks of polishing the hide of a married woman in the presence of her husband.

The point at issue is: How can wife-spanking be made widely accepted and highly respectable again? There can be no doubt that this could best be done by husband and wife couples of high moral character who are willing to demonstrate this almost lost art before small groups of married couples. A healthy couple so dedicated would surely do much-needed missionary work in this respect. Quite obviously, especially the wife should be well endowed for this purpose.

This whole subject might also be furthered considerable by setting aside one issue of the **INSIDER** for testimonials by well-trained wives. How about a picture showing a bride presenting the groom with a whip on their wedding day —to help her better to perform her wifely duties, to let her know just who is boss in the house and to assist her very tenderly (and maybe not so tenderly) in making up her mind whenever the occasion calls for it.

J. R.

A Dominant Wife

Dear Editor:

I certainly agree with the dominant wife who straps her husband for any misdeeds.

We should have more letters on this subject instead of from husbands who have fun (or say they do) spanking their wives. I am dominant and severe but my married life is beautiful because I make it so.

Perhaps I was different because I was a little older than my husband and he was employed by me at the time.

I taught him obedience to me before our marriage and the first taste of real discipline on our honeymoon.

When we settled down I taught him how to house clean, dust, dish washing etc., until he could do it to my satisfaction then I trained him to be a personal maid for me.

Now he hand washes and irons all my intimate apparel, takes care of all my clothes, shoes, gloves, in fact everything I order him to do, also prepares my bath and if he is careless in any of his duties he is taken to the bedroom and punished.

His usual punishment is ten strokes of the strap on each hand, but for any infraction of a rule or disobedience I use a very thin and pliable whip on his buttocks, enough that he does not sit down for two or three hours.

I would like to mention to wives thinking of using a whip and have soft hands to wear a kid leather glove otherwise they may get a sting from it themselves.

I keep him further under control by having twin beds and only allowing him in mine when I desire him to perform for me.

One day he remarked to me that he was going to leave, but all it got him was as far as the bedroom for a real whipping. Now I do the talking and he listens.

So dominant wives let us have your ideas about making a male into a very obedient and submissive husband.

I believe our motto should read be very severe and punish him often and hard.

M. D.

Better Thinking

Dear Editor:

I have been reading the **NATIONAL INSIDER** for many years and I've never found an article to raise my dander as much as the letters in your Feb. 4th and April 21st issues. So if you have the courage please print this since you had enough to print the other opinions.

This is to Mary L. Sachary, L. Cappi and the million of other Americans who share their feelings. I am a Negro and I feel that no matter what color, race, or creed you are you have just as much right and freedom in this world as the white man. I've never considered myself prejudiced and hope as well as pray I never do, but to all those who are prejudiced they aren't fit to live. This is especially meant for the ones who feel there is no cream of the Negro race. Please L. Cappi check your history or whatever other literature you have or find on famous persons. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. had a PhD in theology and attended Harvard University—while there he wrote a thesis.

As for you L. Cappi and Mary L. Sachary there should be more than a program of extinction for people like you. Anyone who feel they are so superior to another human being should be the ones to use a good grade butcher knife on themselves because they're too superior to live in a world like this one I bet both of you are the type who spend more time in church praying for forgiveness and soul saving than any minister of any faith.

I take care of more white people than any other race and believe me I find that most of you are suffering mentally as well as physically worse than any other race. Usually on your dying crippled bed you have a Negro by your side while you're pleading to God about how you never did any wrong in your life. The most sinful thing in the world is to feel that another person isn't fit to live because he is a Negro. One last word to you both and the million of Americans who feel the same "DO A LITTLE SOUL SEARCHING" before it's too late. Please check your Bible and read thoroughly "All Men were Created Equal and from two (2) ribs of Adam" so whether you like it or not we as human beings black or white have the same right as you and this makes all of us brothers!!

Gloria F.

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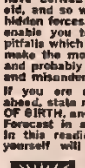

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The National Insider

VOLUME 12, NUMBER 25 — JUNE 16, 1968

MEET THE FRAUD FIGHTERS

Diseased fish, medical malpractice, filthy meat, mail order gyps—you name it. Three major figures in consumer protection are upset about it.

Perhaps the most glamorous and most surprising of the "fraud fighters" or "consumer warriors," as they are sometimes called, is Betty Furness, the President's advisor on consumer affairs. A former actress, she has moved into the top government ranks as a woman who listens to what consumers have to say about rotten food, unsafe cars, home appliances that fall apart before they're even paid for.

Glamorous though she is, Betty Furness still ranks behind safety critic Ralph Nader, who soared to international fame after a nasty encounter with private detectives working for General Motors who were trying to dig up filth about Nader's personal life.

Third among the ranks is the **INSIDER's** own Arthur C. Richards, who has rapidly gained stature in state and federal ranks as a hard-hitting journalist on the side of the consumer.

Nader, most colorful of the trio, is everyman's self-appointed lobbyist in Washington. The slim, hollow-faced lawyer rushes through an 18 hour day five, six and sometimes seven days a week, propelled by "controlled outrage" (according to admirers) or "fanaticism" (according to detilers).

He's up every morning at seven and doesn't collapse again until long after midnight. To the average consumer, he's a shining armored knight — the Great American Dream — living in a cheap $80-a-month sleeping room and living like a pauper, pounding out letters of protest on a battered second-hand portable typewriter to such immortals as Henry Ford II and Raymond C. Firestone, scrambling to meetings on Capitol Hill to supply bits of facts and research to Congressmen supporting consumer bills, and running up $80 long-distance phone calls (all on a pay phone) to secret contacts in research laboratories and in the very firms he is criticizing.

Breakfast is unheard of, lunch is usually a quick bowl of chicken soup and a hot dog (federally-inspected) and dinner is a Dubonnet on the rocks and a hunk of prime beef, medium rare and, again, federally-inspected.

He appears to most to be "a fanatic on the run." But whatever he is, he gets results. Even as he combs the country for evidence to be used on new crusades, there are important developments on old crusades.

A New Republic article ("Something Fishy") exposed the filth of the country's fish industry. Over 2,200 fish processing plants, Nader charged in the article, are inspected less than once a year. "Virtually no fishing vessels are inspected at all."

Within a few hours after publication, the White House called an urgent meeting to tackle the problem.

Nader returned to an older enemy—General Motors Corporation—and blew the lid off their $61 price increases for a shoulder harness that cost only $3.00. The White House forced GM to scrap the proposed price increase and instead settle for $23-$32 rise. Nader still calls it "outrageous."

For months, Nader and Dr. Karl Z Morgan, a director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, have been warning us that dental X-rays given to pregnant women can result in miscarriages and deformed babies. For a long time no one listened. Then, somewhere, it happened. An obscure little town and an unknown expectant mother shook the American Dental Association to its foundations. Immediately the order went out to 108,400 dentists: stop using X-rays unless absolutely necessary.

Chalk up another victory for Nader.

Aged 33, working alone, and armed with little money, Ralph Nader has raised more hell than anyone since Upton Sinclair, who, in "The Jungle," exposed the filth of the meat packing industry in 1906.

Because of Nader, LBJ's Betty Furness, and the **INSIDER'S** Arthur C. Richards, Congress has passed laws setting federal standards on auto safety, flammable fabrics, clinical laboratories, and meat packing. This year the legislators tackle mail-order selling, the loan rackets, pipeline safety and auto insurance.

The fiery trio has made "consumerism" a major political football and campaign issue. President Johnson, when he signed the flammable fabrics act, laid down the law in no uncertain terms.

(Continued on Page 14)

White House consumer consultant Betty Furness investigates short-weight food.

We Name Names

As a public service, THE NATIONAL INSIDER has fearlessly exposed the rackets and gyp artists that swindle the American public. Now we call upon our readers to join us in this exciting campaign.

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